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The British Look Toward Peace

Lord Halifax in his speech before the Pilgrims of the United States made the first crack in the ice that has formerly frozen official discussion of peace aims. His statement of fundamental principles will appeal to moderate liberals—the value of every human soul, respect for personality and conscience, individual liberty, including economic security for "the humblest citizen," and the sanctity and solidarity of the family. He also indorsed President Roosevelt's declaration of rights. Far more important than such statements, however, are the means that may be devised to implement them. (We had not, for instance, suspected that this was a war to destroy or protect the solidarity of the family.)

In regard to these means, the British Ambassador seems to be moving in the right direction, though his specifications are still vague. He pictures international coöperation for security and economic welfare, in a free association of nations. He wants the greatest possible interchange of goods and services, preceded by post-war relief through distribution of stocks already being accumulated. He visualizes the retention of armament "until we can be satisfied of Germany's coöperation." He hints at some surrender of national sovereignty in the interest of world unity.

No exception can be taken to any of these goals. It is significant and salutary that at last an important official personage has welcomed discussion of the subject. But the ice is very thick, and this is still a tiny crack. It is essential that before long it be broken by a more vigorous and imaginative stroke than that of Lord Halifax.

A Plan for Britain

A far more specific post-war plan is contained in the pamphlet issued by the National Economic and Social Planning Association, reprinted from the liberal English weekly Picture Post. Nine experts present suggestions for reconstruction based on a revised economy, rehousing programs, employment, social security, health, agriculture and municipal responsibilities. The experts do not, naturally, presume to have set forward any detailed plans for post-war Britain, but they have gone a great deal farther than His Majesty's Ambassador in stressing fundamentals. Their emphasis is both on government control and individual freedom: we are given a convincing argument that measures of control in the major issues of national life are the only possible perquisites of individual freedom in the truest sense. State controls over mines, railroads, investments, employment and social services need not be hampering to the individual; provided they are in the hands of elected representatives they are his greatest safeguard. Britain has already shown her ability to handle municipal and state organizations since the last war; the end of the present war should leave her better qualified than ever to take on an extension of such controls.

Choosing Sides in the Balkans

Yugoslavia did not sign on the dotted line of the Axis contract, but somewhere in the margin. This belated and qualified surrender was a defeat for every-

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body concerned. First of all, of course, it was a defeat for the Yugoslav peoples, who hate and fear the Nazis. It was also a defeat for Hitler, who got far less than he wanted, and even so forced the pact on an unwilling and rebellious nation which, if it does not overturn the government responsible, will seize every opportunity to make trouble. Finally, it was a defeat for the Allies, who hoped, by inducing a firm stand in Yugoslavia, to prevent Hitler from proceeding further in the Balkans. Now he may feel strong enough to attack Greece, and perhaps Turkey as well, though probably at a later date.

As an offset to this loss comes the Russo-Turkish agreement. This is interpreted as freeing Turkey's hands to fight Germany if she feels it necessary. We hope that is its meaning, but we are uncertain. First there is the well grounded doubt about the sincerity of the Stalin regime and the value of its promises. Second, there is the explicit statement that the agreement applies if Turkey's territory is invaded. By implication that might mean that Turkey could not fight otherwise. One proof of the extent to which Stalin is still playing his own—and Hitler's—game against all-comers will be seen in Turkey's action if and when the Germans strike at Greece.

Dykstra's Job

Chairman Dykstra and the other members of the new Labor Mediation Board must do a quick and effective job if industrial disputes are not soon to become more serious than they are—and they are already serious enough. One of their first jobs is to make clear to everyone—employers, unions and especially the public—the differences between disputes of various kinds and the action that should in each kind be expected of the disputants.

First, there are the simple controversies, between unions and employers willing to talk to each other and sign contracts, concerning wages, hours and conditions of labor. It ought not to be difficult to keep production going while such issues are being mediated or, if necessary, arbitrated, since all responsible leaders on both sides have expressed their desire to avoid strikes and lockouts.

Second, there are the knotty and bitter conflicts between unions themselves about questions of jurisdiction, in which the employer is often an innocent bystander. These are injurious to everyone involved even in ordinary times, and cannot be tolerated now. If they cannot promptly be settled by inter-union adjustments, they should be decided by Labor Board votes of the units affected, and the government should be prepared to enforce the solutions thus arrived at.

Third, there are the strikes for recognition and collective bargaining itself. These are unnecessary in all cases if the employer will obey the National Labor Relations Act in both letter and spirit. Employers who defy public policy in this respect should suffer requisition of their plants by the government. Decisive action in a case or two of this kind would bring prompt surrender by the rest. Ford and Bethlehem are in this class.

Bethlehem's Cradle of Strife

The strike which has been brewing for months at Bethlehem Steel was finally precipitated by an election called on company property and company time for officers of the Employees' Representation Plan. This is the outfit branded a company union and ordered disbanded by the NLRB in August, 1939. The SWOC warned that an election in what a governmental agency has declared an illegal organization would result in a walkout. The company accepted the challenge.

Assuming that it is strong enough to halt operations, the SWOC will face great pressure to return to work. The newscasters are busily telling the public that Bethlehem has $1,200,000,000 in defense orders, and it is true that the company has contracts reaching some such figure. But these are contracts for all its scattered mills, factories and shipyards, and delivery is to be made over the next five years.

The very size of these orders is an indication of what the union has faced at Bethlehem. Although officially declared a violator of federal labor laws, Bethlehem has not changed its policies one iota. Nor has it lost the lion's share of lucrative federal business. The Navy Department, often in the past anti-labor, has poured out contracts to the corporation faster than it can handle them, and so have other governmental units. This leaves the government without a moral right to ask the union to make sacrifices in the interest of national defense. The SWOC, faced with a crucial strike for recognition, will be in no mood for temperance. And certainly Bethlehem has not acquired either temperance or tolerance. If there is anything like equality of forces there, Bethlehem may be the scene of a first-rate strike.

Defense Slums?

Despite the bitter opposition of the American Federation of Labor, Congress is at the point of approving the administration's plan for defense housing under the FHA. The AFL calls the pending Title VI of the housing act "the most astounding, most outrageous and most unethical legislative proposal ever advocated by responsible officials of a democratic government." Is anything that gruesome being sneaked over?

As the administration sees it, the defense housing job is divided into two spheres—the temporary, to be furnished where necessary by government; and the permanent, to be built by industry. Title VI is intended to persuade industry to do its part of the job. Under it the government will help the entrepreneur to get credit by guaranteeing 90 percent of his mortgage. The builder can sell or rent his $4,000-or-less houses to defense workers on pretty much his own

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terms. The act provides no protection against inflated real-estate values, against high-pressure, high-profit selling or against jerry-building. Interest is expected to be around six percent, against a four-and-one-half-percent maximum under the popular Title II. If the defense worker loses his job in two or five years, he is stuck with a house in an overbuilt area. He cannot simply renounce his equity and take his loss; he remains liable for the unpaid balance, and in some states the builder can garnishee his wages. In short, the government might find that it had helped the speculative builder to fleece the worker, and that in the process it had become the owner through foreclosure of a gingerbread defense slum, probably complete to door chimes (out of order). Some of these defects could be remedied by FHA administrative regulations. But the FHA has frequently been dominated by real-estate interests, and it would be a good deal safer for Congress to write the safeguards into the law.

Civil War Threatens in China

The recent address by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek commenting on relations with the Chinese communists leaves practically everything to be desired. Either the quotations published in New York were badly garbled, or the Generalissimo was engaging in political oratory with practically no meaning. He represents the Chinese communists as making a set of demands which on their face are utter nonsense.

Much clearer light is thrown by the brilliant article by Edgar Snow, the well known American expert on China, in the April issue of Asia. Mr. Snow says that the people around Chiang Kai-shek are determined to destroy the power of the Chinese communists, not because these communists are orthodox Marxists but because they are a rallying point for the democratic forces in China. Oddly enough, the United States is partly to blame for this. First, we have given Chiang money and strengthened his position so that he feels he can now get tough with his communist allies; second, the Kuomintang leaders believe we would not give this money unless we were on the point of going to war with Japan, and they therefore feel it is advisable to liquidate the communists in a hurry. Like the English appeasers, they hate the communists, with their democratic slogans and their efforts to alleviate the lot of the masses, more than they do the enemy: they would make terms with Japan today if they dared. Already, 500,000 Kuomintang troops are in a position where they could fight as well, or better, against the communists as the Japanese.

Chinese communists may be hard to deal with, but it is a fact that they have in the past shown little concern with Moscow and much concern with repelling the invader. Division at this time plays into Nippon's hands. If we are not to see open civil war, the thing needed is a clear and vigorous statement by the American government that our interest is in helping to save a democratic China, not a fascist one secretly allied with the late enemy.

Corned Beef and Coffee

Vice President Wallace, South America's eminent Good Neighbor, came in for a little joshing when he lingered at lunch and lost his chance to break a tie vote in the Senate in favor of the amendment to the naval-appropriation bill which would permit the navy to buy Argentine corned beef. Argentine corned beef squeaked through, Senator Russell of Georgia pointing out that his affirmative vote had not been counted and that there was no tie after all. The amendment has yet to get through the House, and our distinguished Vice President may have done it a left-handed favor by neglecting it in favor of his coffee (Brazilian, we trust) and thereby making everyone notice it. The amount of Argentine beef the navy would buy is too small to hurt. But the problem of South American surpluses is too great and pressing to be disregarded. As Duncan Aikman says in Survey Graphic's fine special issue, "The Americas, South and North," letting the neighbors' surplus problems go would be leaving vital sections of the hemisphere hardly less open to totalitarian control and invasion than abandoning the defense of the Panama Canal. The administration's plans for dealing with the surpluses are of necessity complex. The fundamental principle which must underlie them is simple: trade is a two-way street.

Mr. Krock Springs a Leak

On March 20, Mr. Arthur Krock, in his column in The New York Times, spoke of a plan reported to be under consideration in Washington for the protection of convoys en route to Britain. If our naval vessels were to be used, said Mr. Krock, they might be supplemented by American bombers patrolling in hops via Newfoundland, Labrador, Greenland, Iceland and the Scottish port of Aberdeen. The following day William H. Stoneman of The Chicago Daily News cabled his paper from England that this announcement had "created a sensation in London," not so much because of the nature of the report—American naval convoys had been the subject of much open debate—but because of the mention of Aberdeen as the possible port of arrival for planes. Mr. Stoneman said that British officials expected German bombers to get to work on this city without delay. He concluded acidly that American correspondents in London were "fed up" with the way in which material censored in England hit the front pages in American newspapers owing to leaks in Washington. His protest is both understandable and embarrassing. Naturally, American newspapers cannot be subject to British censorship. What is quite feasible, however, is a stricter control by our own administration over military secrets; we are aiding Britain because

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we wish to protect ourselves and it is only common sense for us not to talk too freely.

Indecency in Delaware

Delaware's effort to compete for attention with Hitler at his favorite game, by enforcing the old Delaware corporal-punishment law, is proving splendidly successful. The sexual interest inherent in whipping is bringing the stories of the semi-public flogging of prisoners in that state from the bottom of the back pages of the press to the tops of the front ones. The account of the "record whipping" of six Negroes, who were given forty strokes each in addition to five years' imprisonment, for robbery or larceny, presented with the sporting details of exactly how many minutes it took to lash each man and how many lashes each could bear before squirming and jumping, delighted all sadists last week. As Bernard Shaw pointed out in vitriolic words many years ago, there is always a pretense on the part of those who indulge themselves in this sport that it serves a useful purpose. Its true purpose, of course, is to give pleasure. Warden Lawes of Sing Sing has made a sober comment on the custom of whipping with which all responsible criminologists agree: "It is brutal and unnecessary. It brutalizes the prisoner, the person who inflicts it and the community which permits it. It definitely does not act as a deterrent."

News Notes of a Week

The British raid on Norway, so well planned that it looked easy, stirred up uneasiness in Sweden. Anticipating more fighting on Norwegian soil, Sweden called up army reserves and the Defense Minister warned that "we must be ready to fight for our neutrality." . . . Chiang Kai-shek said that China would fight hard again if the United States would send some planes. . . . Lord Beaverbrook, Britain's Minister of Aircraft Production, said that English plane output broke all records in February. The unofficial estimate was 3,200. The Nazis staged the heaviest raid of the year on London, and struck viciously also at Plymouth and other ports.

The $7,000,000,000 appropriation for the lease-lend plan was passed by the Senate, 67 to 9, and went by seaplane to the President for his signature. . . . Sixty-five-thousand-ton battleships are planned for the navy. . . . Acting Secretary of State Sumner Welles announced that two shiploads of flour will be sent to unoccupied France by the Red Cross. . . . Conservatives said of the administration's plan for starting the St. Lawrence seaway, "some other time." . . . Senator Norris wrote friendly letters to William Green of the AFL and Philip Murray of the CIO, asking them to look into the question of exorbitant union initiation fees and take measures to remedy abuses. Mr. Murray replied that there were no such fees in the CIO and he heartily disapproved of them; Mr. Green excused the practice.

The Atlantic Sea Lane

IT IS ALREADY CLEAR that the Battle of the Atlantic is the preface to the Battle of Britain; and the preface may turn out to be the whole book. If Hitler can be defeated in his effort to blockade the British so that their power of military resistance will be undermined, he may never try invasion at all. If, on the other hand, he can starve them not only of food but of weapons, he may be content to reduce them by siege. In either case, the highways of the Atlantic, no matter what may happen in the Balkans or elsewhere, will this spring and summer constitute the principal theatre of war.

The campaign has begun in the fashion that the military experts have long expected. Mass bombing flights are aimed at wrecking the principal British ports and harbors so that cargo vessels can neither be unloaded, built nor repaired. Submarines, instead of prowling the seas alone as in 1917, move in squadrons directed by scouting planes, and seek by salvos of torpedoes to cripple whole convoys. Bombers themselves register frequent hits. Meanwhile daring surface raiders—recent reports name the powerful battle cruisers Scharnhorst and Gneisenau—range far out in the hope of smashing up convoys, whose lightly armed protectors will be unable to stem the attack, and getting clear before they can be found by British capital ships.

This strategy is made easier by the large number of continental ports available to the German navy, from Norway to Dakar, and by the longer range and greater loads of planes. War craft under, on and over the sea can shuttle back and forth on irregular schedules, dodging over the broad Atlantic to find their quarry and elude their pursuers.

The answers to this strategy already employed by the British are clear enough. Their fighters and anti-aircraft artillery strive to increase the toll of the flights that attack their ports, while their bombers blast away at the harbor facilities and landing fields employed by the enemy. Other planes and small craft hunt the submarines and escort the convoys, and the larger naval vessels which are not needed elsewhere or not held in reserve against the invasion threat deploy against the surface raiders. So far, in this bitter struggle, the Nazis seem to have been gaining slowly, but still far too rapidly for comfort.

Americans are asking what part we can play in this conflict. Hitler has threatened that he will nullify our aid by sinking the ships that carry it. Our larger bombers can escape him, as they are doing, by crossing on their own wings. If we were able to produce them faster they alone might turn the tide, but unfortunately we were late in resorting to quantity production. These big craft can, even on so long a flight, carry a certain amount of small though important supplies. But aside from speeding their output, we must help in other ways.

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We can do something by repairing damaged naval and merchant vessels on this side of the water. We can aid still more by assigning to Britain under lease-lend as many cargo vessels and naval ships suitable for convoy work and anti-submarine duties as we can possibly mobilize for the purpose. And we can hasten to build many more of them. We have not yet come anywhere near the speed we achieved in mass production of merchant ships during the last war, since the defense authorities still insist on awarding contracts to individual shipyards instead of mobilizing and unifying the whole industry for the purpose. Not only do we have to learn the lessons of production planning, but we seem to have forgotten what we learned about it twenty years ago.

In addition, it would appear that our own navy and coast guard could aid in the patrol work on this side of the Atlantic. Are German ships operating inside the "neutrality zone"? If so, we ought to know about it. Indeed, there would be no harm in finding out where the Nazis are and what they are doing as far out to sea as we can efficiently use our available forces in locating them. There could be no valid objection if information so obtained were relayed to such ships as might be in danger. Indeed, even the most squeamish would hardly protest if an American warship which sighted a German raider or submarine were to flash the news to the wide air, for whomever it might concern. Such a drag-hunt would be good practice, in addition.

Many are prepared to argue that the President should order our navy to turn to and provide protection for convoys themselves, even at the risk of armed clashes with the Germans. That may in time appear to be necessary if our aid to Britain is to be effective. But in the meantime it will be asked whether this country can do anything to safeguard convoys that the British themselves cannot do with the ships and planes we can afford to spare for the purpose. Perhaps it is necessary to reëxamine the convoy system itself. It was the answer to the submarine in 1917, but is it the answer now? Do not tactics at sea need to be as thoroughly revised as tactics on land? We do not know the answer, but several have been suggested, and the possibilities of naval invention have not been exhausted. If ships could sail singly, each when it was ready and each at its maximum speed, instead of being bound to a slow and clumsy convoy, many advantages would accrue. The strain on port facilities would be lessened. Delays would be avoided. Cargo space could be more efficiently used. The prey would not be bunched as an easy target.

It has been suggested, for instance, that a lane across the Atlantic could be patrolled continually by fifty destroyers, of which ten at a time could be at home ports refitting and refueling, the other forty having fifty or sixty-mile beats each. Such is their speed that at no time would a merchant ship on the lane be more than an hour's run from the nearest patrol boat. Stronger squadrons could be in the offing to give chase to any raider or group of raiders detected, while air scouts would act as eyes for the fleet. It would take an expert to decide whether this or any other scheme is worth trying. American ingenuity might help the British in devising a new means of combating the commerce-destroying blockade as much as American power could help in applying present methods.

City Editor's Panic

IF BUSINESS is in any way responsible for delay in defense, the American people don't know it. Fifty-two percent of Mr. Gallup's public, in a recent poll, believes that labor has been the greatest delayer. Labor and government together share 68 percent of the blame. "Profit-seeking business men," on the other hand, were blamed by only two percent, while six percent put the finger on shortage of plants and material. If you were to measure intensity of opinion, labor might suffer an even more disproportionate share of the responsibility.

This is panic judgment—panic created by a distortion of defense news. It is an old trick. Whenever a newspaper wants to embarrass a city administration, it prints all the crime news which normally is too fine for its mill. The pitiful routine of the police station and city morgue suddenly makes sensational spreadheads. This is known as a city editor's crime wave, a phenomenon which puts whole cities on edge with fright and annually sells thousands of window bars. What were the headlines saying when business sat on its corporate hands until it got contracts on its own fat terms? When monopoly in aluminum shut down airplane factories? When German-American monopolies threatened our magnesium supply? When a stubborn automotive industry withheld use of its mammoth capacities? The press was being so fair to the accused that it bent over backward like a hoop. Furthermore, aluminum and magnesium shortages are not things you can remedy with decency and a dime-an-hour raise, and you can't buy coöperation in Detroit at that price either.

The newspapers are printing with glee such army researches as the recent one about a million man-days having been lost by strikes on its work since January first. We don't like to lose even a hundred man-days. But to bring the problem into focus, the army and the publishers should also tell their readers that a nine-week delay of full defense effort of 10,000,000 workers would mean a loss of 450,000,000 man days. And, as the generals put it in releasing their anti-labor diatribes, we're being conservative as hell when we say industry caused a nine weeks' delay.

The strike problem must not be minimized, but it is the worst possible disservice to America to overemphasize it. That way provides a much too easy out for other elements which are not doing their best either,

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and which cannot be made to do their best until they feel the weight of public anger that is now being misdirected against labor.

Little Mags, What Now?

THE LITTLE MAGAZINES are once more burgeoning and blossoming and applying for second-class mailing privileges. It is easier to find subscribers for them in these somewhat more prosperous days and, what is more important, it is easier to find generous angels willing to dance on the point of a pen. But there are other than economic reasons for their reappearance. For one thing, the young writers of 1941 are finding it more difficult to "break into" the conventional magazines, which have been growing increasingly specialized. For another, the exiles from Europe have been crowding into New York, with the result that this city is acquiring the literary atmosphere of Paris in the 1920's, when the little magazines flourished there. But beneath all this is a vague feeling that American literature is changing and that new publications are needed to express the new tendencies.

Statistics about them are hard to compile. But the 1940 edition of "New Directions," an avant-garde anthology of prose and verse, carries the announcements of twenty-one magazines that might appeal to its readers, besides those of four avant-garde publishing houses. Excluding magazines already well known—like Poetry, The Southern Review, The Kenyon Quarterly, Partisan Review and Common Sense, all of which are "little" only in respect to their subscription lists—and excluding English magazines like the excellent Horizon, here are most of the others:

Decision, which will largely serve as an organ for the European writers now in this country, though without neglecting American writers and affairs. The editor, Klaus Mann, finds so much talent available that he hopes to make Decision "one of the greatest literary publications the world has ever known." One hundred forty-one East Twenty-ninth Street, New York City.

View, a monthly newspaper which "presents poets as reporters." The general atmosphere is definitely mauve. One poet reports from France, "The Germans came through Bordeaux all dressed like hoptoads and lizards. They had camouflaged uniforms exactly like Tchelitchew's costume for Louis Jouvet in 'Ondine'; they were very polite, helping old refugee ladies carry their suitcases and holding open the doors of shops—and they were all eighteen and marvelously beautiful." View has its business office in Prairie City, Illinois.

New Horizons, "a magazine dedicated to the proposition that human beings are more important than tractors, tanks, geography or empires." The usual assortment of essays, stories, poems, book reviews. RFD 1, Elburn, Illinois.

Matrix, "a magazine of creative writing. . . . New writers welcome." Fifteen hundred West Nedro Avenue, Philadelphia.

Direction, "a magazine of contemporary significance reporting cultural activities and reflecting the American scene through fiction, documentary material . . . also art and photographs." Darien, Connecticut.

Vice Versa, which publishes fantastic poetry—some of it quite good—and savagely witty book reviews. Box 583, Grand Central Station, New York City.

Accent, "a quarterly of new literature," with many well known contributors. Box 102, University Station, Urbana, Illinois.

Diogenes, "a new bi-monthly of poetry, criticism and experimental prose." The first issue is largely a memorial to that extraordinary figure and neglected poet, John Wheelwright. Box 2053, Madison, Wisconsin.

Voices, a quarterly of verse, founded in 1921 by Harold Vinal, but recently not much in view. Thirty-three West Fifty-first Street, New York City.

Of the magazines listed above—and there are others—Direction is almost the only one that reveals much interest in contemporary society. The others, in various degrees, represent a tendency away from social realism toward the unfettered imagination and the unconventional metaphor, toward the private dream and the walking nightmare. Sometimes this tendency results in surprisingly good writing. But sometimes it reaches a point of humorless absurdity, as in the advertisement for one of the avant-garde publishers, the Capricorn Press, of Woodstock, New York. "Here," says the editor, Robert Symmes, "as we were the last men writing our books, the metamorphosis took place and we became the first men writing our books, the journals of God, plans for the Cathedral, the revelations of the first prophets who have chosen to carry the brand of Truth among the Murderers of this day. We will do all this openly. We announce among you that the truth is being written, and in a room of the House we have set a press. Look here—we are dedicated only to God; we have no other message among you." Evidently the Capricorn Press believes in salvation by faith alone, for it announces very few works.

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A Journal of Opinion

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The Fear of Plenty

Too SLOWLY the nation is being shaken out of business-as-usual to create a defense economy. The effort to produce more and more weapons, and to produce them quickly, absorbs all the energy that can be devoted to it, and requires more energy still. While defense lags so far, how can we devote any attention to the problems that will follow it? If Hitler wins, we shall not be able to demobilize at all. We shall not have anything to say about the peace. As the President has declared, the first job is to win the war.

The trouble is that people *are* worrying about what is to come afterwards. They have been worrying about it ever since September, 1939. This worry has not taken the form of cool foresight and preparation. It has rather been a vast and cloudy anxiety which has obstructed every effort to deal with the existing danger. It has settled over the national will like a green pall of poison gas.

Everybody knows, as a result of what happened last time, that war prosperity is fallacious and fickle. There has for years been a stubborn national determination to have no more of it, or to keep it at arm's length if it comes. That feeling was one of the main pillars of the neutrality laws. Between 1915 and 1919 industry expanded its plants, farmers plowed up acreage in grass and pasture, labor moved into emergency jobs at high wages in overcrowded defense centers. It was a grand spree. But the hangover was bottomless and lasted a long time. "Overcapacity" haunted manufacturers like a morning-after breakfast. There were farm foreclosures by the thousands. Labor went to the breadlines—when there were any.

This fear has been the most effective possible counter-irritant to the fear of Hitler. It has done the work of a dozen fifth columns and of fifty isolationist Senators. When the British came over and tried to buy weapons after the war broke out, the manufacturers asked, "Who will pay for the plants?" and "What shall we do with them afterwards?" They kept on asking this for months, instead of expanding their capacity. Today the dollar-a-year men in Washington are sabotaging the building of new industrial plants in every highway and byway of the defense administration. They didn't want to get stuck with huge future losses in fixed investment. To reassure them on that score, the government assumed virtually all the risk, passed an excess-profits tax that was so lenient as to be a joke, and supplied the necessary credits. Still, however, the industrial magnates are afraid of the capacity itself when the armament demand has passed. In many cases they want the government to promise to take it over without ever using it for more production.

Labor doesn't trust the boom, either. Workers will take jobs if they are available, but are reluctant to move near the factories that offer them. Rather, they commute seventy-five or a hundred miles—and the market for used cars is booming as never before. Employers, in turn, hesitate to employ local workers toward whom they may have incurred obligations when the emergency is over. Local authorities, pressed to erect defense housing as a precaution against soaring rents and overcrowding, shake their heads and talk about relief and intolerable tax burdens for improvements when the factories shut down again. They don't want any new settlers in their towns.

The farmers don't have to expand this time; they are still trying to dispose of surpluses. War is just a memory of past disillusionment, and a present headache to them. Count the isolationist Senators and Representatives from the Midwest agricultural regions. That's where they grow.

What are the men in the army thinking about? Most of them are willing to fight for democracy if they have to; but it's just one of those things. They are not bursting with *élan* to preserve an industrial order to which they will have to return as applicants for jobs at a time when they fear there will be no jobs to be had.

Talk to people who have money to conserve or invest. Sometimes, cautiously, they buy a few government bonds that return a fraction of a percent. On the whole, they prefer to keep the funds in cash. They could, by buying even the safest industrial common stocks, obtain higher yields than have been possible for years. The ratio between profits and stock prices is absurdly high. By doing this they could also hedge against possible future inflation since, when prices go up, industrial profits rise fastest and furthest. But they are not thinking in terms of yield or profits. They are thinking in terms of panic. They see the national debt, swollen by war, as a menacing genie. The least they fear is post-war deflation and unemployment, accompanied by ruinous taxation. They have been told many times that another world war will be the end of capitalism, and many of them believe it. What good their mountains of cash would do them in that case they have not very carefully considered. Between Hitler and British socialism and Stalin and war and the New Deal they are frozen like terrified rabbits.

The New Dealers themselves, eager as many of them are to push the war effort, know that we are in for trouble at the end if nothing is done to prepare for it, and they fear that the trouble will take a fascist direction. Picture industry and finance organized under government sanctions and commanded by dollar-a-year men. Then picture hordes of demobilized and unemployed soldiers, competing for unavailable jobs against

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tightly unionized workers. What could offer a greener pasture for the embittered conflict that the fascist leader exploits? The New Dealers least of all expect that everything will automatically come out all right in the absence of good post-war policy. They know that before the war we had not solved the problem of full production and the abolition of unemployment. They were struggling with might and main to solve that problem, against the very conservative forces that now are prominent in managing defense. They know that defense will not solve it for long. When they talk about the problem among themselves, it is the selfsame problem they were talking about in 1938.

We shall not do well with defense unless all this apprehension is turned in a positive direction. It is necessary first to define our fears realistically. There are dangers; but just what is their shape and size? Next, what can we do, specifically, to overcome them? To state the problem in rational terms, and to be forearmed with preparation against it, is necessary both to fight the war well and to have an assurance that we shall have won anything if we win it. GEORGE SOULE

In subsequent articles some of the aspects of demobilization and reconstruction will be explored. – THE EDITORS

Poland Under Nazi Rule

For Germany and for the world, the half of Poland which is ruled by the Nazis today is a proving ground for the Hitlerian theory of a "master race." What, exactly, does the practical application of this dogma mean for the subject country? How is Poland fighting back? What methods of resistance and sabotage are being employed? Has the spirit of Polish people been broken? The author of the following article, after working in a German-controlled factory, recently escaped from Poland. – THE EDITORS

How Hitler Uses Poland

POLAND UNDER the Nazis is divided into two parts. The western provinces, including all Polish Silesia and the rich coal mines, Pomerania and the new port of Gdynia, have been incorporated into the German Reich. The second part, containing the bulk of Germany's share of Poland, is known as the General Government.

Incorporated Poland has been completely reorganized so as to participate in the German four-year plan. For the duration of the war the Germans intend to take full advantage of Polish industry in this area. Once the war is over, incorporated Poland is to revert to a completely agricultural status. In the meantime, all industry formerly owned by the Polish state has been incorporated into the German state industry. All private factories are managed by German trustees.

The armament industry, of course, is considered most important and, after it, all industry which is even indirectly connected with armaments. Next come the factories which are considered duplicates of those existing in parts of Germany most subject to air raids. Last come public-utility plants, such as gas works, water works, street cars, etc. Railways, postal services, telegraph and telephone are similarly incorporated. The remaining private industry, which has no value from a military standpoint, will gradually cease to exist. It is allowed to work now if it does not interfere with German industry and if it can fill the gaps in the latter's output. This applies especially to the factories devoted to the rebuilding of public-utility plants damaged during the Polish-German campaign, as also to those which can produce tools for the armament plants, and those connected closely with agriculture. All private industry is subject to an intensely complicated set of rules and formalities: Polish plant managers continue to work, however, as a means of supporting Polish workers who would otherwise starve or be taken to Germany proper to work. The moment a plant closes down, the machinery is immediately dismantled and sent to the Reich, usually as scrap. Individuals may be deprived of their industrial and commercial properties, as well as their belongings down to the smallest trifles.

The whole fiscal and customs system, aided by specific laws, has been arranged to make incorporated Poland an economically weak organization in which the people can survive only by offering themselves as manpower in the Nazi war effort. Bank accounts, deposits and the contents of safes have been seized, though the Germans accept no obligation in regard to legal claims on the state. Even old-age pensions are not paid, save in the form of "relief" not exceeding 20 percent of the pensions due. On the other hand any liabilities toward the former state on the part of citizens are rigorously claimed. Obviously, this whole system promotes the complete ruin of the country's economic life.

In the part of Poland now under the General Government, the German four-year plan has been adopted, with certain modifications. New legislation has been applied in the following spheres:

Raw Materials.– The use of coal, wood, steel and iron, all other metals, leather and furs, mineral oil, soap, grease and fat of all kinds, cotton, wool has been put under strict control. It is sometimes a matter of months before endless formalities result in permission

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to obtain such materials. The need for them is recognized only in connection with the war effort, or, at least, for public utilities. Every detail is controlled, and not only is it impossible to purchase raw materials without special permission, but even raw stuffs already at the factories cannot be used without a special permit. It goes without saying that all the existing factory stocks have been checked or requisitioned, their use being strictly controlled by special boards.

Agriculture.—The intensive German agricultural methods have also been adapted to occupied Poland. This has meant a change as regards the crops which are to be cultivated, and special attention is given to beets, potatoes, oats, oil-bearing vegetables, and plants used in textile manufacturing. This arrangement has been made at the expense of other crops and is enforced regardless of its effects on the general food supply.

A special board has been set up for the regulation of all agriculture. The produce expected from each acre of land must be supplied. Prices are kept very low, and it is characteristic of the German attitude toward the Polish population that part payment is made with vodka. The penalties for not complying with the regulations are the confiscation of the owned farm, or of a section of it. If milk is not delivered in the required quantity, the cow is taken to the butcher. Owing to the very bad condition of the fields after the Polish-German war, the severe winter of 1939-40 and the subsequent cold, wet summer, many owners could not deliver the required quantities of crops. This resulted in military expeditions, the seizing of property, arrests and other reprisals. All farm products have been monopolized through coöperatives controlled by the board of agriculture. All other ways of selling farm products are forbidden and infractions are punished not only by requisition of the products, but also by confiscation of all farm vehicles. Forests in occupied Poland, which suffered greatly during the war, are being exploited in the most ruthless manner. In the General Government, four times as much timber is cut as by Polish authorities in pre-war days; only twice as much is cut, however, in the part incorporated into Germany.

Labor.—Regulations for labor completely control all personal activities. All Poles from fourteen to sixty years of age are obliged to work. There is no age limit for Jews. Employment can be obtained only with the permission of, and through, a German board of labor. This regulation is a most dangerous weapon in the hands of the Germans, enabling them to send their agents, or even Gestapo men disguised as workmen, wherever they please, even as house servants. The whole population is at the mercy of the labor offices, since anyone who cannot present a labor certificate is considered unemployed, and subject to deportation to Germany. In this way the Germans rid themselves of those Polish intellectuals whom they have not already murdered.

Education and Language.—The Poles can be useful to Germany as long as they represent man-power directed and supervised by the Germans. The only education a Pole is allowed is that of an elementary school, or, at best, a trade school. Even the study of German is not permitted to Poles. All manifestations of Polish culture, such as museums, libraries, secondary or high schools, universities, scientific collections, textbooks, books of national or educational character, even monuments to outstanding Poles, are being destroyed. In order to crush connections with western culture, all French and English books and periodicals, even dictionaries, were destroyed as early as March, 1940.

How Poland Fights Hitler

The most important element in Poland's present resistance to the Nazis is the continued existence of a fighting force. It is wrong to imagine that all military effort ceased after the success of the blitzkrieg in October, 1939. Hundreds and thousands of soldiers, organized in groups numbering not more than a few tens or hundreds of men, hid for long months in the Polish forests and mountains. These units have attacked German outposts on frequent occasions and have forced the High Command to maintain a large army in Poland.

The largest of these units hid in the woods in the vicinity of Kielce and was not dissolved until as late as April, 1940. Its maintenance exposed the local population to severe reprisals, as did the presence of such units in other parts of Poland. An engagement between the Kielce unit and a German force was followed by the burning of fourteen villages; 1,200 people from among the civilian villagers, including boys from the age of ten, were killed with machine guns, murdered individually, or burned alive in their homes.

After this monstrous act of revenge, an order was issued by the secret Polish organizations to dissolve all guerilla detachments. Members were ordered to disperse and spread their hiding places throughout the length of Polish territory.

Apart from the military resistance, there exists an organized and deliberate civilian opposition. Everybody fights in Poland—men and women, the old, the young, and even children.

Industrial Sabotage.—As mentioned above, the greater part of Polish industry has been forced to produce German armaments. Polish workers, clerks and engineers were forced to retain their positions up to the time they were replaced by Germans. The majority of factories working under German administration have, however, retained a high percentage of

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Polish workers. This allows the Poles to carry on a steady sabotaging of German armament efforts.

"Delaying" tactics are probably the most common form of sabotage. It has been a popular trick of Polish skilled workers to present themselves to the German commission as unskilled—with the result that valuable months were wasted in "training" workers to handle machines with which they had been familiar for years. To avoid recognition as skilled workers, the men would travel long distances to towns where they were not known.

Direct sabotage of factory equipment is prevalent on a large scale. In one factory, for example, machines needed repairs ten times as frequently in six months as had been necessary in a year of Polish control.

Peasant sabotage is directed principally at German supplies. Crops are constantly set afire by their owners to keep them from being shipped to Germany. Another popular practice is directed against the tank-trains that carry oil from Rumania, through Poland to Germany. By standing off at a distance and shooting holes in the tank cars, the peasants help in the reducing of Hitler's most treasured war essential. These activities are guided by a strong network of secret Polish organizations whose training as revolutionary and patriotic groups is well rooted, stemming as they do from the Poland of Imperial German and Tsarist Russian days.

All signs of voluntary coöperation with the Germans in any field are immediately and severely punished through organized Polish societies, and the delinquents are treated as national traitors. The assassination of an engineer named Hermanowski in an armament factory in Starachowice may serve as an example of this. On his own initiative, Hermanowski handed over to the Germans a collection of confidential material and information, secrets of the former Polish authorities. In a few days he was killed. As usual, German reprisals were terrible; 300 workers in the factory were arrested and some 60 of them were shot without trial. Fortunately, there were few similar cases, Hermanowski's fate serving as a warning to all renegades, most of whom came from among Polish citizens of German or Ukrainian descent.

Other cases of collaboration between Poles and Germans in different fields of social life brought unmerciful punishment by the Polish people. Not long ago, for example, the film star, Igo Sym, an informant for the Gestapo about Polish theatre directors and actors, was killed in his apartment.

The Germans, following their policy of "divide and rule," have done their utmost to create new minority problems in Poland. They have tried to create a conception of separate nationality among the Polish mountaineers, the so-called *Gorals*. The Germans try to convince them that they are of German origin, the descendants of Germanic settlers of prehistoric times. All such endeavors have failed completely. Out of 200,000 mountaineers, only 30 were lured by the German bait, and then only in order to obtain larger quantities of food supplies. This group was boycotted by the whole Polish mountaineer population and some of the leaders of the thirty were beaten or killed.

Personal contacts of Poles with Germans are most severely condemned. During the spring of 1940 a poster appeared on the walls of public buildings in Warsaw and Cracow. It read: "All women who associate with the Germans are reminded that there are still vacancies in the brothels."

The News Comes Through.—It is well known that the Germans have decreed the death sentence for listening to foreign broadcasts. Nevertheless, such broadcasts are followed by special listeners and their news is spread throughout Poland immediately. Four hours after the RAF's raid over Danzig in December, 1940, all Poland knew the details of the flight. Poles have precise knowledge of the gigantic duel between the RAF and the Luftwaffe, and I have personally read in the underground Polish press the names and the advantages of the new American bombers in comparison with the German machines.

There are about twenty such papers published in Poland and distributed throughout the country at deadly risk. There is a net of secret organizations which spreads over all the German-occupied countries. The collaboration of Poland with Czecho-Slovakia is not merely an effort of the two governments in London, supported by their nationals in America. It is a functioning, far-reaching coöperation from which danger is never absent, the joint battle front of two occupied countries against a common invader.

One hears so much about the German fifth column. One sees the results of its activity in all European countries, conquered one by one because there was no close collaboration among them. One sees it in action in the United States itself. But remember that in the European German-occupied countries there is also a fifth column, and this one is bitterly hostile to the Nazis. It is composed of nearly all the people in those countries and is dangerous enough to compel the Germans to keep in constant readiness a large number of soldiers and police.

I once was able to talk with the German commissar of the factory in which I worked. This engineer asked a question which showed his incomprehension of the attitude of the Poles. To me it was highest praise. He said: "Why are you Poles so stubborn? Why will you not reconcile yourselves to the fact that this present state is permanent? Why, when a German walks along a Warsaw street looking into the eyes of those he meets, does he see in them hatred and his sentence of death?"

Poles will fight Hitler until their country has become free once more.

J. P. JUNOSZA

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Science in Wartime

How Can We Preserve and Advance Scientific Progress?

THE PRESENT WORLD SITUATION is probably brewing more urgent problems for scientists than they have yet had to tackle. Plagues, famines and social dislocations may be expected to develop in the war areas and to spread to the rest of the world, and at the same time science, which will be needed to combat these evils, is being disrupted. The prospect of permanent disablement of society by the disruption of science is particularly disquieting. Continual progress in understanding and controlling the forces of nature is essential for the survival of civilization. Without scientific processes and controls, the world could not support more than a fraction of its present population. At the same time every advance in applied science has changed our way of living, giving rise to urgent new problems whose solution depends upon both fundamental and applied research. Civilization cannot stand still; failing continued progress, we must enter a new dark age.

Serious damage to science, as well as to other higher human activities, started with the advent to power of Hitler, whose war preparations called for the establishment of "national unity" by the persecution of Jews and liberals and the burning of books. Since then the disruption of science has spread as the wars have developed. In China, where science was beginning to flourish, faculties and student bodies have had to move to the interior and most of their equipment has been destroyed. The Moors used the ruins of the University of Madrid for a fort and the books from its library for sandbags. The University of Warsaw is destroyed and other universities in Poland and Czecho-Slovakia are closed and their faculties dismissed, imprisoned or killed. Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium and France have been overrun, and scientific work is greatly curtailed. We know that the University of Paris was closed for a time at least, and it is reported that the University of Leyden and the Technical High School of Delft have been closed, with many faculty members and students sent to concentration camps.

In all the countries of Europe the necessities of military mobilization have depopulated universities. By the end of 1939 more than half the universities of Germany were reported to be closed. The student body of the University of Paris had shrunk from 20,000 to 5,000. Many of the institutions of the University of London were uprooted and scattered to various parts of England. In all the belligerent countries, laboratories and scientists hitherto devoted to the extension of beneficent knowledge have been geared into the war machine. Fundamental work has been drastically curtailed. Research workers who are still able to spend their time on normal problems are frequently handicapped by lack of materials as a result of war economies and military priorities. Further, the little constructive research which is still being conducted is in continual danger. Valuable data, ideas and materials are liable to be lost in the explosion of random bombs.

Hundreds of scientists, including many of the ablest, have fled from persecution or invasion and are now refugees. Many of these have found work in this and other countries, but the talents and training of many more are being wasted for lack of opportunities to work. Many scientists are now in concentration camps in Europe; others are interned in British countries. In France, scientists who fled before the invasion are being permitted to return to occupied territory, but the scientific institutions there have been depleted of materials. Jewish scientists, and probably many others, cannot return. The situation of these people, and especially of the many scientists and others who had earlier found refuge in France, is now very serious.

The conditions brought about by the wars do not affect only the contributions of scientists in the belligerent and occupied countries. They also affect the quality of the work of all scientists outside the war zones. The advance of knowledge depends upon a kind of international teamwork—a scientist depends upon the work of many others for information, methods and stimulation for his own work. To be properly useful, journals of scientific research should reach their readers regularly and very shortly after publication. While journals from England have been arriving fairly promptly, none from continental Europe reached this country between May and December, 1940, and only a few have come through since. Probably European scientists are more completely cut off from the rest of the world's scientific literature. Many scientists who have been diverted to war work have been separated from normal library facilities, and this is even more true of scientists who are confined in concentration or internment camps.

Some people maintain that scientific advances which occur during a war largely offset its ill effects. A number of important scientific advances are certainly to be expected as a result of a major war effort. To a large extent these advances are due to intensive application to certain immediate problems and are made at the expense of more fundamental research. In any case, most of these advances could be made in peacetime if the same financial and other encouragement were given to progressive work in peacetime as is available for

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war research. Certain advances in medicine become possible as a result of the large amount of shattered human material available for study, but few people would seriously consider mass human sacrifice a satisfactory method for advancing the preservation of human life. Altogether, the few scientific advances which the war may produce cannot possibly counterbalance the wrecking of science in general.

The disruption of science that is now in progress is a very serious matter for our civilization. The greatest efforts should therefore be made to preserve science through the present world upheavals. Some efforts are already being made along useful lines. These cannot be described in detail here, but a few examples may be given and a few suggestions made for extending the work.

The most important and difficult problem is, of course, the preservation of scientists themselves. By this we do not mean simply keeping certain people alive, since scientists, as individuals, have no greater claim to life than has the rest of humanity. The point which concerns us is to prevent, as far as possible, the loss to science and the world which occurs when trained scientific workers and teachers are unable to continue their work and transmit their knowledge. The refugee problem had developed before the war in Europe began, but it has since been accentuated. There are great difficulties in dealing adequately with the problem. Bringing many brilliant people to America is bound to enrich this country, but if these people are to compete immediately for all the normally available scientific appointments, hardship is worked on American scientists. The problem is not solved by providing opportunities for one group of men and women at the expense of another group.

There are a number of organizations helping to solve this problem. For instance, the Emergency Committee in Aid of Displaced Foreign Scholars, which came into being in 1933 after the advent of National Socialism in Germany, is devoted to aiding eminent intellectual refugees without bringing them into competition with American scholars. Such organizations help individual scholars through immigration difficulties and then place them, usually by making special grants to various universities and colleges. The Rockefeller Foundation has spent nearly $300,000 in establishing a number of scholars from several European countries. Bringing displaced scholars together to form a special type of university seems to be a particularly constructive approach to the problem. This has been achieved in the University in Exile in New York, which has a faculty of exiled scholars devoted to study and graduate teaching in the social sciences. It might be impossible to finance the establishment of similar schools for the experimental sciences, but the idea illustrates one of the great advantages to be gained by this country in bringing over foreign scholars. Formerly countless American students went to European universities to supplement their American training by learning the methods and ideas of foreign scientists. By bringing the foreign scientists here, their teachings become much more accessible.

There seems to be little that we can do about the disruption of scientific work within the belligerent countries. Lack of materials probably hampers scientists still engaged in normal research and it might be possible occasionally to send over special materials. Correspondents have informed the writer that pure research in England is being hampered by curtailment of certain grants formerly received from this country. Funds from overseas are especially welcome now, since the home authorities tend to give special consideration and materials for projects which constitute "invisible exports." The universities of China, which have migrated to the free interior, have lost nearly everything; an appeal for help in building up new libraries for medical training in China has already been made by the American Bureau for Medical Aid to China.

The problem of the preservation of data and scientific materials has received a little attention from this country. For instance, the Rockefeller Foundation made a grant of £1,000 to the Royal Society of Medicine for the removal of irreplaceable volumes from the Society's library in London to a safer but accessible place. This action can readily be appreciated when we read that 100,000 books of University College, London, have been destroyed or damaged by bombs and fire. The Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago is taking care for the present of a collection made in Central America and destined eventually for the British Museum. Certain pure strains of experimental animals have been shipped over here for safekeeping. The American Association of Scientific Workers offered, through the British ASW, to take charge of and, if necessary, supervise publication of data from English scientists which might otherwise be lost before publication. This offer was welcomed as a friendly gesture but little advantage has been taken of it. It would perhaps be more useful if the various specialized scientific societies in this country made similar offers to the corresponding bodies in Great Britain and, if possible, in other affected countries.

The situation with regard to the interchange of scientific publications seems rather confused. Presumably literature from continental Europe can reach here via Siberia, but the fact that many important journals have not arrived regularly needs investigation. If the importance of maintaining the flow of learned publications were realized, it should be fairly easy for special international arrangements to be made. Before the fall of France, an organization had been established there to collect and circulate scientific reprints, abstracts and microfilm among scientists engaged in war work who lack library facilities. Such services might be of the greatest benefit now to scientists who are cut off from the scientific world by internment or other wartime conditions.

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There are many calls today for time and financial help which have obvious national or humanitarian appeal, and at present only a small section of the public appreciates the urgency of the special problem of the preservation of science. But the main responsibility for its preservation in these times rests upon us in America. The situation seems to call for the establishment of some representative council to study the whole problem, to coördinate and aid work already being done and to initiate new work. The subject was discussed by the writer at a symposium of the American Association of Scientific Workers during the December meetings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The scientists present unanimously approved a resolution requesting the AAAS to set up such a council. It should, of course, include representatives from organizations which are already engaged in various aspects of the problem and it would have to coöperate with organizations dealing with the preservation of other types of scholarship. Especially for the rehabilitation of refugee scientists, large sums of money are required. Some money has already been provided and more could perhaps be obtained from the American sources which previously financed institutions and research projects in which many of these scientists previously worked in Europe. The council would need to mobilize moral and financial support from many other sources. The problem does not concern scientists alone; human welfare for generations to come will suffer if science is permanently crippled.

K. A. C. ELLIOTT

The Love of Learning

DR. ANDREWS had done his best to get out of the job of interviewing an applicant for freshman standing at Far Western, but he was to be within fifty miles of the high school in Utah, and there was not much reason to send a senior faculty member out there for the sake of an applicant who had written an only moderately good entrance examination. Besides, this commission was a token of Dr. Hanslow's confidence in his judgment, and that confidence was worth having.

"So you want to go to Far Western?" Dr. Andrews asked. The candidate's name was Benjamin Libby; and he was, oh too obviously, Jewish. The question was the same Dr. Hanslow had asked a long time ago. Dr. Andrews trusted he had somewhat the impressive tone that Dr. Hanslow had used.

"Yes," said Libby.

That wasn't much help, but Dr. Andrews knew how to continue.

"Going to a university away from home is a very expensive undertaking," he said. "Are you sure you can afford it?"

Libby looked offended. "My folks can take care of that," he said. "We've saved something."

Dr. Andrews didn't feel too reassured on this vital point, but could hardly take exception to it. He might return to it later, though—if it seemed necessary.

"What do you wish to do at the university, Mr. Libby?" he continued.

"I want to study mathematics," replied Libby.

That was clear enough as far as it went.

"I mean," said Dr. Andrews, "why do you want to go to Far Western? Do you just want to study mathematics? There's a lot more to a university than just studying mathematics, you know."

"Not for me," said Libby. "I just want to study mathematics."

Dr. Andrews felt the difficulty of finding out all he had to know about Libby if Libby refused to talk about anything except studying mathematics. Still, looking at the sloppily dressed—yes, dirty-looking, and Jewish boy, he felt that he really didn't need to be too careful: only fair, of course.

"But, Libby," he said, "you can't just study mathematics all the time. What do you want to prepare yourself to do?"

Libby seemed entirely lost. He looked as if he wanted to make Andrews understand something, but couldn't find the words.

"I just want to study," he finally said.

"Do you want to teach?" asked Andrews.

"I wouldn't mind teaching," said Libby.

"Well, then," Andrews said, "if you want to get a job teaching, you'll need other preparation besides mathematics. You'll need to know how to associate with people."

"I talk to Mr. Murdock sometimes," said Libby, as if he now knew the answer. "He teaches us mathematics and physics and chemistry." Then with an earnest expression, he blurted out, "He's an awfully nice fellow."

Libby looked a little ashamed, and seemed to feel that he had betrayed himself in saying this.

"But don't you do anything but study mathematics —and talk to Mr. Murdock?" Dr. Andrews asked. "Don't you ever dance, or go to parties?"

Libby looked a little hurt. "No," he said. "I don't like parties."

Andrews again felt that he was on solid ground. He knew what Dr. Hanslow would have said next, and he felt safe.

"What about school activities?" he asked. "I mean school clubs, and that sort of thing. Do you belong to any of them?"

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"No," said Libby. "They're a bunch of high-hats." He looked at Andrews and sensed that this wasn't the right answer.

"Besides, they're dumb," he added, as if this settled the matter finally. Then he added antagonistically: "And I don't play football, either."

Andrews was a little offended. "Even if you want to teach," he said, "you'll have to meet people. Now, how are you going to get a job if you don't ever go out and meet people?"

"I'll learn all about mathematics," Libby replied, as if he weren't making the silliest statement a man could make. "Then maybe somebody will give me a job."

Andrews was exasperated but defeated.

"Mathematics is a difficult subject," he said. "Do you think you could master it?"

"I could learn," Libby replied earnestly. "Mr. Murdock thinks so. And I know a lot of things already."

"What do you know?" asked Andrews, feeling again that here was something which could be evaluated.

"Well, I've studied a little calculus," Libby said, with some diffidence.

"Algebra and trigonometry?" asked Andrews.

"I had them in school," replied Libby in an offended and somewhat offensive tone.

"Anything else?" asked Andrews, a little interested.

"Well, I read a book that used to belong to Mr. Murdock's father. He was a professor. The book was by Cauchy, and Mr. Murdock says it's a hard book."

This didn't help Andrews much, though of course he knew the name, but it amused him, and he took out a pencil. "Here," he said, "integrate this."

Libby looked at the paper. "That's an elliptic integral," he answered quickly. "You have to find it in a table."

It surprised Andrews, but anyone might have learned that, if he didn't do anything but study mathematics. He tried again. This time Libby integrated the expression and gave the result a little contemptuously, Andrews thought. Still, he had known how to do it.

"Do you like any particular branch of mathematics?" he asked.

Libby seemed to brighten. His voice showed excitement, and became even more squeaky. Andrews noticed the boy's hands were tiny and fumbling, and that they trembled as he took up the pencil.

"Yes," he said, "I like numbers."

Andrews was puzzled, and wondered just what would come next. He didn't have to wait.

"Like this," Libby continued, and wrote down an expression. "It's about primes. If you raise a number to a prime power, and subtract the number, then the number you get is divisible by the prime. It isn't mine," he added in an excited tone, "but I have another."

He began to talk in an agitated manner, and as if he were appealing to Andrews on really important grounds. Andrews listened and looked. Whether it made sense or not he didn't know. Most likely not, for the mathematics part of the entrance-examination paper hadn't been too well done. Still, if the boy knew mathematics—

"I did a problem about a coin spinning on a table, like this," Libby said, and took a penny out and spun it so that it rolled on the desk top and rang. "I checked it up by trying it, and it's right."

Andrews was a trifle amused.

"Let's see," he said.

Libby drew a circle.

"You take the momentum vector of the coin through the point of contact with the table—" he began.

Andrews followed, this time. The thing was neat. The kid got around it without a differential equation. He certainly had physical intuition.

"Know anything about gyroscopes?" Andrews asked, forgetting himself for the moment.

"That's how I got the idea," said Libby. "And say, I couldn't convince myself about gyroscopes for a long time till I thought of a new way I hadn't seen before. You look at the momentum of a particle at the top, and one at the bottom, and see, this one is changing this way, and pushes in, and the other the other way, and pushes out."

Andrews was pleased. It was a different way of looking at it—elementary of course.

Then there were a couple more mechanical ingenuities that he hadn't seen before. He didn't know whether they were new or not, but they were clever.

Suddenly a gong sounded. Andrews automatically looked at his watch. Good heavens, if he wanted to get away—

Libby noticed, stopped, and then said desperately: "I like this sort of thing a lot, and at Far Western —I will get by all right, won't I?"

Andrews had forgotten for a moment why he was here. It was a shame to have talked to the kid this way if he didn't mean to take him. And he was bright, in a way, and interested in math. If he were only, well, a little less different. Or even, Andrews thought, if it were only up to him alone. Perhaps he could talk to Rider about it. Rider didn't care if a fellow was just a grind, as long as he knew his math. But one look at Libby. . . . He could hear Hanslow. "He won't fit in. Even if he knows something, nobody will believe him. We want our graduates to hold *good* positions . . . be a *credit* to Far Western."

Hanslow would never send him again. And anyway, if Libby had anything in him, he could go somewhere else for a year or so. Then if they ever heard from the boy again. . . . But not that he really expected. . . .

Dr. Andrews was right. He never heard from Libby again.

JOHN ROBERTS

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Under Bombardment

Some Letters from England

NOT ONLY LONDON and other cities have been bombed. Little, pretty towns and isolated villages have had their share. There are different kinds of people involved, but they show exactly similar moods. It is as clear as a stain on the skin. They are furiously and icily angry.

There is a lot of imitative insincerity about. The newspapers spread it, but they didn't necessarily start it. It started "higher up." It is a symptom of war, and rather a nasty one. All these people will trot out one phrase or another about Chins Up or Thumbs Up or Brave Lads. That isn't the same thing; that is just a rash. The thing I mean is a mood of mind. And it is a hard-set frost, and it is anger.

The apathy of earlier days is gone; everyone is rigidly determined, but it is interesting to see that very few people are *hating the Germans*.

Quite a lot of people feel personal, murderous hatred toward the men who drop the bombs. But when the radio tells us that we are bombing Berlin, the most usual remark is: "Poor things! All those women and children that must get killed!"

And the commonest remark, in any place that I have been to and in all places I have heard about, is still: "All the innocent people being killed. . . ! Doesn't it seem *crazy?*" While, last night, an old man in this village added to that: "All because of the greed and avarice of a few bad men."

But here are some letters from "plain" people, not touched up by me and as sincere as their writers can make them.

Letter from a Woman of Seventy, Living in Kent.—We are having a lot of raids now such a lot. All day long yesterday & today so far. You will be sorry to hear that X. was bomed & X. church as nearly all windows out & big crater alongside of it a Bom droped & all the Arcade is down to the ground & lot of places finished & so you see what Havock is made of X. It is alfull, Mary. The girl in the Wool shop blown to pieces Mrs. Car Mrs. Stewart & another lady which was with her. . . . It is so very sad such Havock of everything nothing but dust & glass flying. Today another bom droped in Prospect Road sent everything flying & Poor people were very much shaken. . . . Mary they have big guns near Y. but they don't stay long for Them. It is hell on earth when they get here we run & take cover. . . . Nothing happened to my windows only shaken, Mary—to be well shaken before taken. Charlie as joined the Home Guard he makes fine soldier is clothes come today so all the boys are doing their bit our little air boys are doing good bit, Mary, they all ought to get V. C. See what good they all do. Does K & H belong to anything? I expect they are too busy for we must have someone left to help do things. . . . It will be a blessing when this War is over so we can go out in peice and not take cover when they are about. . . . George & Edie got machine-gun in Z. just got out of place & ducked down or they would have been through. All well that end well so I must close. . . .

Letter from a London Journalist, Red Cross Volunteer. London.—Last night we were asked . . . to go to Mile End Road to a school that is used for about 250 bombed-out East Enders; this place, entirely unprotected from blast or splinters (let alone hits) has its ground floor absolutely jammed with homeless. The local schoolmaster is doing what he can with volunteers to cope with them. . . . We found pandemonium: men, women, children in a seething mass: they had lived, eaten and done everything else there for ten days or more: they could not even go to the public baths because the borough is waiting for a committee to decide who shall pay the pennies (literally 1d. and 2d. each) involved in their washing. . . . The sick that are really cot cases have only just been moved: many small children are ailing and the ventilation does not exist. Volunteers are keeping their meals going. . . . Each of the six big classrooms is filled all over the floor with mattresses & humanity: men & lads & louts occupy the main room and passages. Lavatories are outside, but they have sand-pails inside: there is no privacy nor are there washing arrangements beyond a few school basins. There is no shelter beyond black-out cardboard in the windows.

We arrived & were instantly hailed for help . . . sick children, headaches & minor injuries among infants. . . . Naturally we hadn't even aspirin. However, I hissed "Sodium bicarb" to my officer & we made up several pints . . . & very professionally I looked at & administered it to trusting mothers & filthy babies: we couldn't even be sure of clean towels or rags. . . . One child with what looked like T. B. sores was landed on me: but we swabbed her down with our sodium bicarb & I dressed her sores with what we could find & she seemed a shade better in the morning. . . . Then the warning went out. Naturally they didn't mind more than usual. . . . A mental deficient we could not get rid of, or park, till we found her later in a rug UNDER the wash-basins. And left her because there was nowhere else to put her. Then we staggered into the clean night & breathed & thanked God there were no incontinents. . . .

Letter from a London Woman.—We are still Bombed night & day & the Old 'Un sleep on the floor in his overcoat it is hard for them & for the poor little Babies. Many homeless around here Ivy as lost her Home & all her wedding presents but she still has Baby left. We all keep our Chins up. There go the guns again we get used to Them but the noise is the worst. But we shall Win. Please excuse bad writeing. . . .

VALENTINE ACKLAND

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Washington Notes

FDR: President of the World

When Franklin D. Roosevelt shut up shop last week to go fishing he slammed the White House door on a full career as President of the United States. When he comes back he will take on a job that might, without too much exaggeration, be called the Presidency of the World. Powers conferred upon him by the lease-lend bill and the appropriations to follow will constitute a mandate to use the unrivaled productive capacity of the United States for the rescue of beleaguered world democracy. No man in all of recorded history has been presented with greater opportunity or loaded down with heavier responsibility.

Whether one looks to the future with confidence or foreboding must necessarily depend very largely upon one's estimate of his capacity for world leadership. He is destined to become in the next four years either a hero or scapegoat of magnificent proportion.

Of the career he has just rounded out, remarkably little of a comprehensive nature has been written. No one, so far as I know, has undertaken to anticipate the place that time and perspective will assign it in the story of America. That it will be an important place no one—not even the enemies he has driven half mad—can deny. The Monroe Doctrine was enough to assure one President immortality, the Panama Canal another. Achievements of comparable scope like the good-neighbor policy and the TVA, to select one item of public works, are mere incidents in the record of the Roosevelt administration. Labor policy, social security, unemployment relief, conservation, financial reform—any one of the measures that modified the old laissez-faire system enough to hold enterprise capitalism together between the hush of 1933 and the boom of 1941—far transcends even the TVA among the landmarks President Roosevelt will leave behind him.

Yet all he has been and done as President of the United States for eight years may well be forgotten as his record in international leadership unfolds. No one is more aware of this than Roosevelt himself. Between the lines of his speech to the White House Correspondents' Association could be read his own awareness of his shift from national to world scene. The speech was written in a sort of universal language, free from idiom and easy to translate. Even the grave delivery suggested a sense of historic accountability.

Roosevelt has not been taken unawares by his new assignment. He knew he was inviting it when he decided to run for a third term. He has seen it coming ever since his 1936 quarantine-the-aggressor speech in Chicago, a premature bid to America for abandonment of its post-World War isolationism. At the start of his first administration, when he scuttled the London economic conference, the President himself subscribed to the basic concepts of the isolationist doctrine. His 1934 I-hate-war speech at Chautauqua might have been delivered during the 1941 lease-lend debate by Senator Burton K. Wheeler. But as a kind of order emerged from the chaos of depression at home, and as his own hold on the electorate became secure, Mr. Roosevelt began preparing for the day when his domestic policies would become exportable, when they would have world relevancy.

He is ready for his new job and he approaches it with a confidence that is not quite arrogance. Visitors for several years have found him talking of President Wilson's mistakes and of his own determination to profit by them. In his dealings with Great Britain and the other so-called democracies, he has said, he means to cling to the realism of the Yankee trader. Moreover, he means to retain the social gains and the civil liberties his administration has come to stand for within the boundaries of the United States. There will be a Wilsonian appeal to the peoples of the world to fight for the ideals of freedom and justice, but there will be no dropping of the guard against the cynicism of their nationalistic leaders.

In this attitude is to be found the key to much that the President has done and will do. His insistence upon the *quid pro quo* showed itself in the destroyers-for-bases deal. The trade, in this case, was generally regarded as a political expedient, but I doubt if it was only that. It satisfied the President's own master pattern for the conduct of foreign policy. His lease-lend plan likewise conformed to his own rule and at the same time it avoided the complications of war-debt accumulation in the way that plagued the world after the last war. Sale of the British-owned Viscose Corporation under administration pressure was another manifestation of the President's plan to be tougher than Wilson. The British, it will be remembered, hung onto their American industrial equities through the World War and after.

His determination not to be bossed by the British, meanwhile, was illustrated by his insistence that two shiploads of flour be sent to unoccupied France. This was done over the mild but nevertheless manifest objections of the British. And Roosevelt, after he had been convinced by the arguments of William Bullitt, was solely responsible for opening the crack in the blockade.

In his handling of the labor problem—a problem that was pumped into hysteria-producing proportions by the press in early March—the President held to his resolve not to permit retreat on the social front. He refused to be moved either by warnings that Communist union leaders were deliberately sabotaging national defense or by exaggerated estimates of the effect of strikes on production of war materials. Finally, in an attempt to turn some of the heat off the unions, he appointed a big-name mediation board, headed by C. A. Dykstra and dominated by liberals. Whether the board will accomplish its purpose and stave off oppressive labor legislation is still, of course, uncertain.

From here on out, the President's decisions, both international and domestic, will have to be improvised to suit the exigencies of war. But they can be expected to follow in a general way the line already drawn. Through them will run a Yankee self-confidence and a Yankee compound of idealism and practicality. Adhering to his pre-determined principle, with polls showing his popularity at a new high and with defense production exceeding expectations despite its muddled organization, the new President of the World is off to a start at least as auspicious as the start the new President of the United States made eight years ago.

Washington T. R. B.

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Nothing Happens

WITH ITS CAST, budget, direction and general idea, "Rage in Heaven" could have been an exciting movie. It has the case of a refugee from the psychopathic wards who marries and then builds his own madhouse to live in, with jealousy raised to an obsession, and obsession raised to thoughts of murder. It has Robert Montgomery in the kind of baby-face and ancient evil he proved he could do in "Night Must Fall"; and George Sanders and Oscar Homolka too. It has the direction of W. S. Van Dyke, who knows how to keep a sequence fast and clear; the camera of Oliver T. Marsh, who knows where to put his camera and at what time. But it started out with a James Hilton story that was either so loose-woven to start with or so pawed over afterwards by the screen adaptors (Christopher Isherwood and Robert Thoeren) that nothing happens but the obvious, and that only after a long and confused struggle.

It is one of those stories where everything could have happened, if everything had been in its due and proper place. But there is only one incident of illustration where there should have been twenty (the one incident is the murder of the cat, which just isn't handled to the best dramatic advantage); and the private horrors of a soul, the process of living behind an eternal mask, the growth of frenzy—these are not shown. We are told and can see that the natural course of petty jealousy and disbelief can be twisted and intensified until the only outcome is some unnatural action. But we lack the inevitable factors of the process itself. We see the man in his motion across the screen, but the many events of his life that would justify his death are not seen because not here. Where there should have been interest and partial self-identification, there is only curiosity, and it is unsatisfied.

The actors cannot be blamed for faulty characterization when it is a case of their having been written down as mere vague chumps in the first place. Ingrid Bergman is a pretty miss and energetic, but her accent and demeanor fit ill with the script. She does not get under the surface of the part. Along with Montgomery and Homolka, George Sanders is merely a case of talent hamstrung by obscure and conflicting motives; supposed to be a tower of strength, he is actually no more than a little foolish. So the whole thing goes to pieces, and the only reason for talking of it is the brightness of some of the fragments salvaged here and there, by force of direction, personality and natural interest.

"The Mad Emperor" is another of those dark and choppy French films which have moments of a very fine thing but over an hour of something else. The story is one that could have been driven over with high movie effect: Paul the First of Russia, walking with the cruel and captious and unfocused mind of a child through his boudoirs and great halls of state and conferences; his minister plotting to betray him to save the Empire; his officers and mistresses in a nightmare of suspicions and cross purposes. And there is reserve power in the acting personalities of Harry Baur and Pierre Renoir, among others. But the story is not even thought out, let alone fitted into any distinct line of motion. The technical equipment is movie-medieval, and there has undoubtedly been some fairly brutal censoring; but such deficiencies cannot serve to cover the main deficiency, which is that the producers, scene by scene, knew as little of what was going on as the audience does. There are two big moments nearly at the end, where everything comes clear—or as clear as print and lighting will allow—and the Emperor is seen in his pitiful grandeur. If you go, it must be for such picture pittance only.

Fond-Recollection Department. – I went again to see Hitchcock's "Secret Agent," and I wonder again why more people don't yell their heads off when theatre managers sell them mauled and moldy prints at respectable prices. In many films the wear and tear, dimming and blurring, patching and consequent loss of footage wouldn't matter—but not many films are worth constant playing. In the case of Hitchcock, scenes are crippled and dialogue is broken just where the sequence in its spare economy is achieving its real effect. It is not quite so bad as reading a book with pages out, though in the sense of film rhythm it is worse. And all that has to be done is make a new print from the negative, and all that this requires is some future fair-trade-practices act, and all that this requires is enough intelligent grousing on the part of those who foot the bill. Or are we mice?

Change-in-the-Weather Department. – Everything you read on this page from now until further notice will be coincidental or purely fictitious, as the paper is sending me to Hollywood to see if there is one. It is the first rough assignment the owners have given me since the première of "Gone with the Wind." But don't get me wrong: I love Sidney Skolsky.

OTIS FERGUSON

Freightbells in Oregon

They turn lean faces to the thawed road
Down Bacon Grade: they turn from red herds bawling slow
To the sky's edge, turn from ditching swale
Along a creek, and tending lambs, or shoeing teams
For drill and plow.

They trace the thin bell sound
On sun-up wind to wheels creaking a load
To Klickinghorse, where faces, like budding moments, pale-
Cluster the long hour.

They've outwaited hard snowing,
Bedding dreams in heart while hugging fire
And gnawing to apple cores. Through the last thaw
They've yawned at hollyhock orange-belling the overflow
From creek and pond, and sun upbulging the frosty mire,
And twigs bursting bud; but only the first freightbells
Over grayed stubble, over bawling and bleating, over left straw
And old snow patches now rouse their dreams
Of plowing stubble and flower
under, of flocking cow
And sheep on high range and cleaning rooms of smells
And apple cores. . . . Bells jangling in April, and minds glowing
No less with yellowing wheat than dreams in turned ground.

CONRAD PENDLETON

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Music in the USSR[1]

IT HAS BECOME COMMONPLACE to lament the very limited number of performances given to contemporary music in the United States, but lamenting does not seem in any way to alter the situation. The appalling thing is that the geographical area of which the public receives some sort of artistic information is definitely limited, and that as a result of this limitation we are not able to get a coherent picture of the contemporary musical life and musical production of any country in the world. This is partly due, of course, to the war, but also to the considerable difficulty involved in getting either reliable information or actual scores for the performance of new music. As a matter of fact, a great deal of this material is available in this country, but it is very rarely used.

Occasional pieces are performed. Some of them achieve tremendous popular success; and then one hears them on the radio several times a week, and they become part of the "Hardy and Jones Family" of our orchestral programs.

It is not the object of these articles, however, to discuss the reasons for this deplorable state of affairs in the United States, but merely to bring out the fact that, because of this situation, certain important questions remain unanswered.

What, for instance, happens to music or to the other arts in a country whose political leadership becomes every day a tighter and harsher dictatorship? Does such a state of affairs influence the artistic activity of the country and the productivity of its artists? How much and what kind of freedom does it leave to the creative artist? Does it tend to establish a new style in art, a sort of *style officiel*, or does it permit natural growth and free development to every individual?

These questions are of vital importance to the cultural life of the United States, especially in the present political situation. They should be discussed not only in reference to the USSR, but also to most of the countries of Europe where free thought and free art are being gradually blotted out. It would be well to know what would happen here if such a state of affairs prevailed.

Let us turn now to the musical situation in the USSR, which is by no means entirely dark. The economic position of the composer is much better in the Soviet Union than in the United States. Not only are the rights of the composers protected by the government, but their music is being printed in much larger quantities than it is here. These works are performed much more frequently and consistently, and the composers are relatively better paid. There is, moreover, much greater demand for new music by all sorts of organizations—governmental and otherwise—such as workers' clubs, factories, schools, etc. Composers are not regarded as superfluous individuals (as, with a few exceptions, they are in America, where they do not fit into any layer of society unless they have also some other occupation), but as among the cultural leaders. And finally, the general production of new music is certainly quantitatively greater than in any other country.

It would be hard to overestimate such an achievement in a society which has limited financial resources, coupled with a relatively larger liability in the form of a tremendous army and air fleet and with a much lower standard of living than we have in the United States—and all this on a much less highly developed cultural level. Yet this improvement in the social status of the composer and the resulting increase in the output of new music are unfortunately the main if not the only positive factors in the present state of Soviet music. The negative factors have been emerging more and more clearly in the last three to five years.

Some time last summer I ventured an opinion to a friend that the music produced in Soviet Russia has in recent years become very reactionary, provincial and flat in taste. I said also that there had been established an unpleasant *style officiel*, the main characteristics of which were extreme simplicity bordering on poverty of imagination; old-fashioned and conservative romantic fervor coupled with strained, pompous and flamboyant optimism; and a very insincere and stilted return to folklore in the most ethnographic and "Museum of Natural History" fashion. It seemed to me, in short, that everything which comes from the "country of the future" begins to resemble more and more the past of an official Victorian era.

My opinion then was based mainly on the few compositions of Prokofiev, Shostakovich, Glière and Miaskovsky which I had heard performed or the scores of which I had seen. Since then I have had the opportunity of looking over a large quantity of the music of the USSR composers in the sincere hope of seeing my former judgment fall to pieces. But quite the contrary; not only was I confirmed in my opinion, but my guess turned out to be astonishingly correct. I must admit, of course, that most of the compositions I have seen were written in the years 1935 to 1938; and these were tragic years for art in Soviet Russia, as well as for any other intellectual activity. These were the years of revenge, of reprisals, of trials, of the clamping down of censorship and the limitation of free discussion which followed the assassination of Kirov. I have seen very few compositions of 1939-40, but those which I have seen show an unfortunate increase of the same reactionary tendencies rather than a return to a freer style.

Following the murder of Kirov, there took place all over the Soviet Union a series of discussions on what was called "Formalism." Formalism in literature, the fine arts, and music began to mean everything which, in the eyes of the Soviet government, was evil. It included Trotskyism and the free expression of oppositional ideals; it included sabotage and the desire for free discussion. It included also any form of artistic experiment and research, the free and individual adventurous spirit of the musician or poet. Actually, it meant the suppression of every kind of nonconformity to the "party line" prescribed by the leadership. Formalism became the "bogeyman" of Soviet artistic life; and the writers and musicians, at various congresses and in various publications, were crying *"Mea culpa!"* and regaling the Soviet public with Stavrogin confessions. I have been told by an eye-witness that at one of these congresses on Formalism an eminent writer, beating his breast and with tears dripping over his face, rose to such a climax of exhibitionism that the Commissar for National Defense who attended this meeting of intellectual Holy Rollers, suggested that he be removed from the podium.

At any rate the discussion was a landmark; from this

[1] This is the first of two articles on the musical situation in the Soviet Union today. – THE EDITORS

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moment the servants of the government started breathlessly to look for an official style which would serve as a vehicle of penitence. It was also the signal for a sudden ban on the work of Shostakovich and his virtual exclusion from public life for two or three years. This was a result, it was whispered in Moscow, of a visit by the "highest authorities" to a performance of Shostakovich's opera "Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk." Let me recall this much discussed affair. The opera had been produced with great success at two of the chief theatres of the Union. It had been generally hailed by the critics as *the* great work of Soviet Russia. It had been exported to other countries. It had been triumphantly performed in the United States, and everybody had become aware that there existed in Russia a composer of very high ability and great dramatic gifts. Some of us, a minority, did not like the work and felt that it was written too much in the style of the long operas of the eighties. But all of us agreed that it was a significant composition from a country of whose musical activity we had known little. In Russia, however, its performances were suddenly interrupted (after a run of several months), following the appearance of an insidious article in Pravda. In this article, Shostakovich was accused of yielding to "the smart-alecky insistence on originality and obfuscation which perverts the music of western Europe." A chorus of newspaper critics—most of them the very ones who had previously eulogized the work—obediently launched an offensive against the defenseless victim. For a while he dropped into oblivion. He made a few unsuccessful efforts to emerge, and wrote apologetic letters to the press ("I am still a very, very bad boy"). But it was not until 1937 that Shostakovich came into prominence again with the triumphant performance of his Fifth Symphony in Leningrad. In this long work all the bad characteristics of the new official style were already seen in full bloom. The composer published a letter in which he admitted that music must "remold the conscience of humanity and contribute to the range of Soviet musical culture." The significant thing, however, was not that Shostakovich was officially forgiven, but that this symphony was actually given three successive performances, with seats sold long in advance, and had an overwhelming popular success. This, in the eyes of any objective observer, meant only an outburst of the public's pleasure in welcoming back again one of its most gifted composers.

But what are the requisites of this *mea-culpa* style? How can the composer escape the bogeyman? Here again the government prescription is quite clear: he must write in such a fashion that his music will be intelligible to the masses, and it appears that in the opinion of their leaders the masses are extremely uneducated. The music must, therefore, be simple and commonplace, and the composer must avoid any form of experimentation. If he fails to comply, he may fall victim to even more severe punishment than the ostracism of Shostakovich.

If it were a question of the composer's conforming to an actual popular taste, the situation would not be entirely bad. It would, indeed, be an excellent thing if he were solving in a free and unrestrained fashion the problem of combining experimentation and adventure in new harmonic and stylistic language, with the "bringing up baby" problem of educating the masses and the building up of a nationwide audience for contemporary music. In this case the composer alone would be responsible for solving his problem; and I firmly believe that the composers, alone, backed financially and morally by the government, would be capable of coping with it.

What has been happening in Russia, however, is that the composers, under the prodding of the party leaders, instead of solving problems of social significance and really establishing a progressive style for a new and truly popular art, have, on the contrary, become conservative, reactionary and provincial in their style. Their music has little universal *progressive* significance; and, what is worse, their natural gifts have been drying up and growing sterile. They turn for stimulus to the folk art of their country, and this they use rather indiscriminately.

There is an essential fallacy in the notion that folklore is God-given truth, and that any old rag which comes from the simple people is holy. This is, in my opinion, not only a very outdated, but a most pernicious assumption. A good deal of music is still-born precisely because of its dogmatic reliance upon folklore. The composer should, if he wishes to use folk themes, select them or reconstruct them with as much scrupulous discrimination and careful consideration of their actual value as he would spend on a theme of his own. He must be sure that they conform to the highest standards of taste and that they serve as pliable material for his composition. Few folk themes meet these requirements; and when they do not meet them, they definitely hamper the composer's freedom. From the outset they establish a limitation, give to the whole a spirit of provincialism, and draw a definite geographical line that only a genius can cross. Paradoxical as it may seem, folk themes serve as bad media even for the description of a particular culture or of a particular geographical area, unless they are very intelligently used. For inherently—since they are products of similar instincts and lives—the folklores of the various nations are more similar than dissimilar. That is why an Ibero-Arabic theme from Andalusia sometimes sounds like an Armenio-Georgian theme from the Caucasus, or an Irish folk ballad reminds one of a Carpatho-Russian song. "Carmen" may be taken as a good example of a true description of a country and its people which is, nevertheless, not ethnographically correct. Many examples of inferior use of folk material for the description of a particular culture can be found in contemporary Soviet music. The chief danger, however, for a Russian, of using folklore now is that it has already been exploited so completely by the music of the early days of the century that it has come to sound archaic and *démodé*. We have the feeling that, having traveled from "Boris Godunov" through "Scheherezade" to "Petrushka," we have done all that can be done for Russo-Mongolian folklore.

But of what does this official style consist? The first thing that strikes the musician is the lack of any consistent polyphonic technique: except for one or two composers, the music of Soviet Russia is definitely non-polyphonic. This is not the result of a lack of training in polyphonic writing, but rather of a compulsory simplicity. The second thing that strikes one is a certain primitiveness of harmonic conception. No harmonic innovations, no harmonic invention, is permitted; and if occasionally such things occur, they are carefully concealed by the composer. There is a general feeling of awkwardness in the harmonic structure which

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is particularly apparent in the larger compositions. Everything sounds, harmonically speaking, old-fashioned and academic. And this academicism is certainly intentional. There is very little inventiveness in the modulatory processes, and instead there is a great abuse of a device established some twenty years ago by composers like Serge Prokofiev. I mean the abrupt change of tonalities which is supposed to produce a refreshing result, but which gradually increases the feeling of harmonic awkwardness. This device, when it was used for the first time some twenty to twenty-five years ago by the inventive mind of Prokofiev, was striking and novel; but when it is transformed into an academic dogma, it sounds as if the composer were hiding his actual inability to invent a good modulation. Sometimes it actually sounds stupid and banal, and certainly far from fresh. And this is true even of Prokofiev himself in his ballet suite, "Romeo and Juliet."

As for the melodic inventiveness, it is, as I said before, mainly based upon folk art of the various peoples inhabiting the Soviet Union. Even when the composer invents his melody, he tries to invent a melody the nature of which is to reflect the melismatic cadences of folk music. But on the rare occasions when the composer actually invents a melody of his own without consideration for folk material, his melody is often flat, sometimes unpardonably trite; and this holds with very few exceptions for most of the composers of the Soviet Union. It is music which disregards entirely any form of innovation, adventure or experimentation except for one domain in which the Russians have always been remarkable, and which is still remarkable in Soviet music. That domain is orchestration. This music is definitely romantic, and it seems anachronistic and paradoxical that it should be so; for we always associate romanticism with the subjective expression by the artist of himself, whereas here we have a general style of collective emotionalism expressing itself in official language; and this language is not the musical language of our time.

NICOLAS NABOKOV

Invitation at Dawn

The night has got as far
As the last star.
Venus it is
Who holds the skies
In golden derision
Of the sun.

Surmise what haste
Makes in the East—
O love, my love, let Love invade
Us! Be obeyed
The golden importunity
Of the sky!

For the sun wars
With reserve of years,
Unscrupulous to destroy
Our small unruly joy,
All time contending
And our love unending.

JOHN PEALE BISHOP

The Bandwagon

He [Japanese Minister Tatsuo Kawai] suggested a policy of Australia for the Australians and Asia for the Japanese. – *From an interview with Mr. Kawai in Sydney, Australia, printed in The New York Times.*

Arguing for the federal mine-inspection bill, Representative Flannery of Pennsylvania declared it was needed because 1,500 lives had been lost in mine accidents last year.

"It isn't at all necessary," snapped Cox of Georgia, "only 600 were killed." – *From Edward P. Flynn's and Frank Rhylick's column in The New York Post.*

I am having trouble with the heating system in my house. Nobody seems to be able to locate the trouble. I don't know even whether a new heating plant would fix the trouble or not. Would it be right to ask God to overcome the difficulty or else to tell me what to do? I know prayer is answered, for my wife and I have received healing by that means, but is it proper to ask God to help in a mechanical matter? – Question asked of Silent Unity.

We believe you will get a clearer view of this matter if you try to think of God always as your heavenly Father, literally.

Would an earthly father be willing to help his son work out such a practical problem as the one that confronts you now? Of course he would; any loving earthly father would be happy to do that. Well, God is not merely loving; He is love, infinite love. In addition to this He is wisdom, understanding, omniscience. A loving human father does not hesitate to do humble tasks for the object of his affection. We tell you with utter assurance that God is far quicker to help His children in their human needs. By all means ask Him to guide you in this matter. We will pray with you. – *From the magazine Unity.*

Homo Soapiens

Ginger [Temporary Air Chief Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill] is always on the job. Even in his bedroom at home, he has five direct telephone lines to such war centers as the Admiralty, the Air Ministry and the War Office. He is very active and personally directs most of the operations. Once he leaped out of his morning tub and, with only a towel draped around him, gave radio instructions which foiled a Nazi air raid on a convoy. – *Release from the British Press Service.*

Can You Deduct It from Your Income Tax?

Newest luxury in which manufacturers hope to interest the movie colony is a de-luxe air-raid shelter, complete with bath and cocktail bar, at prices ranging from $3,900 to $26,400; no swimming pool, though. – *From Paul Harrison's movie column in The New York World-Telegram.*

Anything-for-a-Change Department

Winston Churchill's assertion that there has been no increase of crime in Britain since the war began and the fact that there has been no increase of suicides in London again raises the suspicion that, as horrible as war may be, it does not necessarily lead to abnormal behavior. "Blitzkrieg" undoubtedly imposes a strain on the minds of the people, but at the same time war breaks up the monotony of modern urban life. – *From an editorial in The Chicago Daily News.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

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Correspondence

Can Germany Be Defeated?

SIR: How in the name of heaven is England, with or without our material help, expected to invade the continent of Europe? The ultimate decision, unless each combatant bombs the other into a state of desolation and exhaustion, rests upon the actual coming to grips of individuals. Certainly the blockade is comparatively ineffective, with German access by land to the primary essentials, steel, oil and food. England would have to march, and march she cannot with her limited manpower. I believe it has been estimated that successful invasion (loss of life is apparently beside the point), demands a numerical advantage of five to one.

The optimistic touch in your editorial of February 3 ("Colonel Lindbergh's World"), "all we have to do is to give them the arms," is belied by this fact. The end of the argument is then, this—it becomes necessary after we have so fully committed ourselves, to declare war and transport men along with materials. It is the one and final step to bring about Hitler's defeat, all else having failed.

If you are genuinely sincere in your desire that America remain out of this war, and if you believe that the administration's policy is of the same cast (granted a "negotiated peace" is no solution for us or the eternal ills of Europe), how do you answer this argument? I have never heard it properly considered. One has the impression that in official quarters it is believed some vast and miraculous coup by England will cause Germany's collapse.

Shiprock, N. M. WILLIAM J. BURFORD

[The New Republic's editorial, "The Shape of the War" (February 17), suggests an answer to Mr. Burford's question. – THE EDITORS]

Mr. Hutchins and Absolutism

SIR: I do not agree with the views on the war of President Robert M. Hutchins of the University of Chicago. But as a neo-Hutchins absolutist and a long-time New Republic enthusiast, I was—to put it mildly—extremely pained by The New Republic's recent attack on Mr. Hutchins ("Hutchins and the Absolute," The New Republic, February 3).

No one who has even a slight knowledge of Mr. Hutchins' philosophy would make the mistake you made, though it is a common one among those who have not taken the trouble to acquaint themselves with Mr. Hutchins' ideas. If there is one point that Mr. Hutchins has frequently reiterated, it is that men may reasonably and honestly differ about practical matters. Or, as St. Thomas points out, ". . . reason in contingent matters may follow opposite courses. . . ." To suggest, therefore, that "neo-Thomas absolutism" is responsible for Mr. Hutchins' views on the war is naïve. "And it is worth noting that, whatever their differences," says The New Republic, "it is the absolutist philosophies of our time that are united for isolation and appeasement." It is worth noting that Professor Mortimer J. Adler, a "neo-Thomas absolutist," and, I believe, Professor Jacques Maritain, the noted French Thomist, both disagree with Mr. Hutchins on this question. On the other hand, Professor Anton J. Carlson, inveterate foe of Mr. Hutchins' philosophy, gave a long statement to the University of Chicago student newspaper endorsing Mr. Hutchins' speech. Furthermore, if you will take another look at Mr. Hutchins' speech, you will see that he is in favor of neither isolation nor appeasement.

Your use of the epithet "absolutist" and the sly suggestion that Mr. Hutchins is a fascist or communist is unworthy of The New Republic. Like any believer in democracy, Mr. Hutchins thinks it (democracy) is absolutely the best form of government, and is therefore an absolutist.

Mr. Hutchins is a great liberal. The New Republic is a great liberal magazine, and owes its readers and Mr. Hutchins a public apology for the injustice done them.

Chicago, Ill. MAX B. HAGEDORN JR.

[The New Republic did not say, or slyly suggest that Mr. Hutchins is a fascist or a communist. We said that his insistence on moral perfection inside a democracy before it could tackle its problems of danger outside was in line with the absolutism of neo-Thomist dogma, as it is in line with other absolutisms as well. The thing we want to apologize for is the misprint, in the editorial to which Mr. Hagedorn refers, of "neo-Thomas" for "neo-Thomist." – THE EDITORS]

Lapses

SIR: Of all the writing in the world, the most tedious is an author's letter of protest against a detail in a book review. But is it my fault if your movie expert imputes to me a lapse as a writer of which he himself was guilty as reader ("The Strenuous Life in Covers," The New Republic, March 10)? I ask Otis Ferguson to have another look at page 136 of "Kabloona." He will find that the reason why de Poncins photographed a man he had previously sketched was to assure himself that he had not drawn Louis XIII from imagination, but had actually sketched his sitter—an Eskimo whose resemblance to portraits of Louis XIII was so startling as possibly to have influenced the sketch. I don't mind confessing, meanwhile, that I have never seen one of my translations in print without discovering in it lapses of inattention. But this was not one of them.

New York City LEWIS GALANTIÈRE

[I said that Mr. Galantière let the author speak of an Eskimo homosexual as "the fruit of my imagination," which he did. I got his point but he didn't get mine, and probably it wasn't worth bringing up anyway. The public mind being the thing it is, one is usually careful to avoid even the figurative use of a word like "fruit" in too close connection with discussion of a male homosexual. – O. F.]

Statistics on Incomes

SIR: Thanks for the supplement, "Democratic Defense" (The New Republic, February 17). It's a humdinger, but the plight of "one-third of a nation," is depicted in only one-half its sordidness, according to the Report of the National Resources Committee on "Consumer Incomes in the United States," which was published in August, 1938. There is reason to believe that the figures have not materially changed since that time.

This report states that 13,000,000 family groups, comprising 45,000,000 people, have incomes ranging from "$250 to $780 per year, the average being $471 per unit, or $133 per capita."

This accounts for "one-third of a nation," but there are two more thirds who are also entitled to consideration.

The first of these, consisting of another 13,000,000 family units comprising another 45,000,000 people, had annual incomes of from $780 to $1,400 per unit, or an average of $1,076, the per-capita average being $310.

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The remaining third received annual incomes ranging from $1,450 to more than $1,000,000.

A subdivision of this third reveals that, of the 45,000,000 people included therein, 10,250,000 units, representing approximately 35,000,000 people, received annual incomes of less than $3,000, and that more than one-half of these 10,250,000 received less than $2,000 per year. The national income for that year was $59,000,000,000, of which the first group received $6,000,000,000, or slightly more than 10 percent; the second group received about $14,000,000,000, or approximately 24 percent, and the third group got the remainder, the 2,500,000 consumer units (representing about 10,000,000 people) getting the lion's share because they were included in the $3,000 "and up" class.

It is not saying much for the American standard of living, is it? The Heller Committee for Research in Social Economics at the University of California recently found that a yearly income of $2,198 was necessary to "maintain an average family of five, consisting of two parents, a daughter, aged five, and two sons, aged two and eleven, in a fairly comfortable American standard of living." Their "budget" follows:

Social security, unemployment and old-age insurance	$ 43.96
Life-insurance premiums	114.00
Food	622.44
Clothing	250.58
Shelter	597.48
Other items	693.71

Under this budget dad is allowed $66.39 and mom $66.89 for clothes, $226.30 is allotted for upkeep of auto, $15 for entertaining expenses, and provision is made for theatre and concerts not more than three times a year, tobacco not to exceed three and one-half packages of cigarettes per week, and books, gifts, trips, etc.

In view of the fact that some of our economists (who never missed a meal in their lives unless they wanted to) maintain that the submerged third would not be in their present condition if they would budget their incomes efficiently, it is suggested that a copy of the Heller Committee's budget be placed in the hands of each unit of the first two groups hereinbefore mentioned.

At this time it appears that from these same low-income groups will be drawn most of those who will have to "make sacrifices," fight, and possibly die, to maintain, and perpetuate, the conditions under which they now live.

Martins Ferry, O. GEORGE F. CURRY

Mr. Mulrooney Drops an O

SIR: My sentence about Housman, which Wadsworth Mulrooney quotes with perhaps justifiable horror, was bad enough as I wrote it; it seems a little hard, therefore, that it should be made even worse by misquotation. I have no way of knowing whether it is Mr. Mulrooney who had made the mistake, or The New Republic. My own phrase about Housman was "an attitudinizing orotundity." To change this to an "attitudinizing *rotundity*" is ingeniously to substitute a comic, even Chestertonian, visual image for a mere idea. Possibly it was so printed in the article when it appeared four years ago—but possibly, too, Mr. Mulrooney's memory has played tricks with him.

Brewster, Mass. CONRAD AIKEN

"Half Apes . . . Half Clerics"

SIR: The article in The New Republic (March 10), "The Battle of the Bible Belt," by Roy and Alma Tozier, was both illuminating and confusing. We owe a debt of gratitude to the Toziers for bringing these repugnant facts to the attention of the public, but regret that the force of this article was slightly blunted by a hostile attitude toward the Christian orthodox position. All those who are not Fundamentalists are not to be classified with those who question and disbelieve divine revelation. The main body of Christianity is still made up of the orthodox, who recognize both the so-called Fundamentalists and so-called Modernists as those who dwell in the "lunatic fringe."

While such articles are welcome, it is well in composing them to bear in mind what Huxley meant when he wrote to his friend Haeckel: "There are *halb-Affen* as well as *halb-Pfaffen*."

THE REV. RICHARD F. HENDERSON

Lutheran Church, Redwood, N. Y.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

The probability of political reaction in the United States if we go into the war is the subject of letters from Paul V. Beck, Tulsa, Oklahoma, and Chauncy S. Curtis, Chicago, among others. Mr. Curtis warns The New Republic: "The course which you now strenuously advocate for our government will almost certainly result in the United States drifting into the war, whether by definite declaration or not. You apparently believe that, once we are actually involved, the liberal element in this country, of which The New Republic is a leading exponent, will remain free to agitate for further social progress, which implies freedom of speech and press. But you have allied yourselves with forces whose ideals and objectives are savagely opposed to yours. The instant we begin to participate in this war these forces will almost automatically gain the upper hand."

Louise Darby, San Diego, California, who wishes she could afford to buy copies of the New Republic supplement, "Democratic Defense" (February 17) by the thousand for distribution, has an interesting suggestion. "Would it not help the public to keep tab on things if the principal clauses in the contracts between factories and the government were published in the neighborhood of each factory? The public has a right to know whether plant extension is being done by the government and leased to the factory, or whether it is being done by the five-year amortization plan."

A correspondent whose name cannot be used forwards a letter from France, which has fine things to say about The New Republic: "The wonder of wonders is that a friend of mine still gets the paper, and passes it on. Whenever a number has come to my hands I have always felt like writing to express my gratitude. . . . America is our only hope."

The European PEN in America is planning an inaugural dinner on April 29. Robert Goffin, secretary, writes: "Here in America, those remaining of our members who have been fortunate enough to escape from death or concentration camps, are still eager to contribute to the progress and extension of civilizations and cultures which we loved and admired, and to this country which has given us refuge." The purpose of the dinner is not merely to assemble important men of letters, but to draw together a number of people who are concerned with the fight against fascism on all fronts. If you are interested, address the secretary at Librairie de France, Inc., 610 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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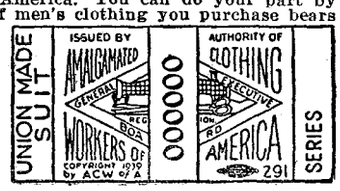

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Books in Review

Miss Glasgow's "Purgatorio"

I HAVE MANAGED for the last fifteen years not to read any novels by Ellen Glasgow, and this in spite of her growing reputation. During those years, no other American novelist was praised so almost universally, exception being made for Willa Cather. No other American novelist—this time without exception—was published in two collected editions, of which the second was in twelve volumes printed from type, numbered and signed, with prefaces by the author. The trouble was that the twelve volumes looked a little forbidding on the library shelves, and that the praise by eminent critics sounded dutiful and pious. Just as Miss Cather's later novels suggest an architecturally flawless but empty and unheated cathedral, so Miss Glasgow's collected works—to judge by what the critics said—were an Episcopalian church where the best Virginia families worshiped, under the eyes of a conscientious, rather modernist rector.

And that impression was not dispelled by reading the first chapters of her latest novel.[1] "In This Our Life" starts out as a sermon against the younger generation for its lack of standards, discipline and moral stamina. Although the sermon is delivered with a great deal of tired wisdom—the wisdom of not asking too much or expecting to get it, the wisdom of making compromises and yielding to necessity—it seems in the beginning no more than the familiar complaint of age against youth. "I don't see why they can't get along together, things weren't like that when we were young." Eve must have had such thoughts about Cain and Abel, just as Lavinia Timberlake has them about her own children. But slowly, as the story continues, one finds that Miss Glasgow is approaching it from a different angle and is dealing with a central problem of our time.

Her characters are the members of an impoverished Richmond family, each of whom has a different relationship to the standards by which Virginians used to live. Asa and Lavinia Timberlake, the father and the mother, are survivors of the older tradition: the father observes its forms, though he tells himself that he has ceased to believe in their meaning; the mother has solved the conflict between "ought to be" and "is" by living completely in her dreams. Both are dependent on the charity of Lavinia's uncle, a domineering capitalist dying of cancer (here the symbolism is unmistakable). Andrew Timberlake, the only son, is a completely unimaginative business man. The older daughter, Roy, lives by no standards except courage and personal honesty; the young sister, Stanley, has no standards whatever and thoughtlessly involves the family in a whole series of catastrophes. All the Timberlakes are portrayed with the understanding that Miss Glasgow has acquired by dealing with a single background for more than forty years. Instead of broadening her knowledge of people, she has chosen to deepen it.

Craig Fleming, a young lawyer who is jilted by Stanley and who later thinks he has fallen in love with Roy, is a character less convincing than the others, being presented completely from the outside, yet he is even more important as a symbol. He is a young man in whom the Virginia blood has run thin, a well meaning idealist always ready to devote himself to another cause or person, but without inner conviction. "I want to fight for something," he says, "but I don't know for what. When I look around me, I can't see a blessed thing worth fighting for." He wants to enlist in the Spanish army, but delays until the Loyalists have been defeated. Thinking of people like Craig, Asa Timberlake says—and here as elsewhere he seems to be speaking for the author—"The mistake with them, and with the whole of their extraordinary place in time, is that they have never really broken through the tight shell of their egoism. The world without them exists merely as an extension of the confusion and the thwarted longing of the world within." By now we begin to perceive that the story Miss Glasgow tells is something more than the conflict between generations or the decay of the old Virginia stock and pattern. On the scale of a single family with its rather commonplace disasters—a broken marriage, a suicide, an automobile accident—she is presenting a whole world in limbo, the helplessness of people engaged without guidance in a search for individual happiness. Lonely, they become fearful; fearful, they become rash and cruel and involve themselves in a common destruction.

That this is her real subject becomes evident in the last episode of the novel. At the end of August, 1939, the older daughter feels her whole world crashing around her. Having lost the husband to whom she was deeply attached—Stanley had stolen him—and having fallen in love with Craig Fleming only to learn that he too would always belong at heart to Stanley, she wanders into the street, knowing only that she must get away. Caught in a sudden rainstorm, she meets a young Englishman and goes home with him. Nothing improper happens, this being a novel by Ellen Glasgow; Roy merely sits in the living-room of a strange apartment and listens while the young man tells his story; but that story seems to illuminate her own tragedy. The Englishman is saying that he is lost and lonely, on the blank edge of insanity, and that now he is going off to war in the hope that his individual fears may be lost in the collective danger. At last he falls asleep, while Roy strokes his hair. When she leaves him, "It was the hour between dawn and day, when life had reached its lowest ebb, and the movements of the earth seem to pause."

That—if one may underline Miss Glasgow's meaning—is the hour of civilization with which she has been dealing in her novel. And she seems to be saying that not only the nameless young Englishman but all her characters and all her world are getting ready to plunge into destruction in order to escape their own will-lessness, their lack of direction and their sense of being continually driven back on themselves. It is a psychological truth about war that is not to be confused with political or military truth. And it is almost what W. H. Auden was saying in the poem he wrote

[1] In This Our Life, by Ellen Glasgow. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 467 pages. $2.50.

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on the day the Germans marched into Poland—that we are all of us

> Lost in a haunted wood,
> Children afraid of the night
> Who have never been happy or good;

and that "We must love one another or die." Miss Glasgow in her latest book is neither parochial nor old-fashioned. One feels, however, that she has chosen rather decorous incidents and commonplace people to express her vision of despair and utter chaos. Though her purgatory is real, not much happens there; and it is as if we peeped out at it from behind the curtains of a Richmond parlor.

MALCOLM COWLEY

William Morris

A Victorian Rebel, by Lloyd Wendell Eshleman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 400 pages. $3.50.

IN THESE DAYS, with "slants" and "angles" exploding like stink-bombs over the cultural landscape, it is becoming increasingly difficult to approach biography, or any other specialized branch of literature, with an unjaundiced eye. From time immemorial manner has ranged from the scholarly to the scandalous, but the recent trend has been toward making over the main character to fit a particular one of his characteristics. The "Life of Mr. So and So" has been replaced by "So and So, the Bird Fancier," and the tendency, legitimate enough, to stress a certain quality that may hitherto have been overlooked carries the menace of suppression of everything except the new-found aspect.

William Morris, whose varied career panders to slant-treatment, has suffered a degree of elbowing to make way for Mr. Lloyd Wendell Eshleman's Victorian Rebel or, as it transpires, Victorian Socialist. A familiarity, however casual, with the subject gives the reader a head-on start as critic, and there are few biographies, therefore, that are free of the faint echo of appeasement. Mr. Eshleman seems dimly aware of the howling of the mob and his book opens in the style of an educational bedtime story with the childhood of the youthful Morris bathed in the local color of lilac bushes and home-made cakes. The facts are recorded, but they lurk behind the narrative in the manner of factory chimneys behind the foliage of the garden suburb. Reconstructed from scraps of Victoriana, the background is no more than a preface; a certificate for the author, should he be called to account, to witness that Morris was indeed a human being and not a bunch of manuscripts.

The days at Oxford, Pre-Raphaelitism, life at the Red House, the founding of Morris and Company and the Kelmscott Press are given scant attention by Mr. Eshleman, who finally breaks ambush at "Days of Thought," and lets loose a torrent of painstaking research. The first part of this section is devoted to a detailed analysis of the "social ideology" of Ruskin, Arnold and Morris, carried out by a sentence-by-sentence piecing together of quotation and interpretation. The second section broadens into an account of Morris' participation in Hyndman's Social Democrat Federation, the resultant split, the formation of the Socialist League and, finally, of the Hammersmith Socialist Society.

Mr. Eshleman's thesis is that Morris is a Practical Socialist, and not a cloud-ridden idealist. The wealth of his collected material, however, only serves to reiterate the statement without supporting it; while underlining the assertions of Morris, he allows no hint to escape him of the external situation, and depicts Morris only in relation to his immediate group. Nevertheless, the rebel occasionally raises his voice above the tumult of the hallelujah chorus that besets him, and of the prevailing fashion he remarks: "A designer looks upon women as scaffolds on which to hang a bundle of cheap rags which can be sold dear under the name of dress. . . . I beg you fervently not to allow yourselves to be upholstered like so many armchairs!"

It is up to the reader to conclude, in the face of the author's implied admonition, that Morris' iconoclastic ardor sprang from a horror of the threat to art, rather than to life as embodied in the squalor and misery of the commercial world in which he lived.

The assemblage of facts, however many, does not constitute a book, but only the material for it. To beg a biographer to be less specific is to court disaster in the form of historical flights of fancy. But in this case less emphasis on socialist beliefs and more detailed information on his life and craftsmanship would have created a more convincing picture of William Morris as the rebel he undoubtedly was.

EILEEN HOLDING

The Incredible City

What Makes Sammy Run? by Budd Schulberg. New York: Random House. 303 pages. $2.50.
City of Angels, by Rupert Hughes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 349 pages. $2.50.

MOST OF the books about life in Hollywood have been poorly informed, or gushy, or cross. The reason is clear: pictures are a special art, and those who know it enough to practise it have no time for gabbling in books. Those who go out as writers usually do not know what pictures are. Maybe their option is picked up, maybe they get shoved around and bitter; but they don't learn because they didn't know there could be anything to learn about.

In Hollywood all the greed, cruelty, shoving, false-front and yelling ignorance of the usual business headquarters of an art are forced like plants in the lushness of the tropics, by an atmosphere still raw with cultural gold-rush and boomtown billions. But the place makes such a beautiful enormous target that somehow no bells ring for bull's-eyes, nobody turns to look, and anger gets so shrill that Hollywood is blamed for all the sins indigenous to man wherever he has been found. There is nothing actually in Hollywood that these same writers—unless they are lucky or not very bright—have not observed in the publishing houses, magazines, cocktail parties and trade hangers-on of the literary racket itself; it is there in essence; it is less flamboyant only because a littler field sustains littler snides. Once judge any art by most of the people in and surrounding it, the tripe it puts out whenever the making of a nickel or a name will be worth it, and you will be sick of civilization indeed.

Budd Schulberg is one of the very few to approach Hollywood with understanding and grim tolerance, and his writing has clean workmanship. His novel goes seriously but without heaviness into the basis and effects on others of the

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career of Sammy Glick, a demonic perpetual-motion machine from the lower East Side ghetto, as fast and unscrupulous as a weasel. The man who gets interested enough in him to tell the story is dramatic editor of a New York paper when Sammy gets his job as copy boy. He sees him sneak his way into a radio column, bluff his way through that, and hoax his way into a Hollywood contract. The older man gets himself a picture assignment and thus the chance to watch Sammy's rise through the studios, from just a writer to a single-credit writer, from that to boy wonder, to producer's assistant, to producer, to head of a major studio—all with the single talent of pushing.

There are other people in the story, enough for a few parties and a moderate romance anyway; and as the time is the middle thirties, there is the business of the Screen Writers' Guild getting on its feet and being nearly knocked off them. Still the main purpose is held in the title, and we don't lose sight of Sammy until the question has been answered and we know him for the almost tragic and surely terrifying little thing he is.

Sammy is an exact Harry Bogen for morals. Despising the poverty he was born into, and furious at the world, he never takes an instant to turn from wanting and fighting for just one thing—more. He has the hard skill of the gutter; no self-doubt, no fear, no scruple, and some supercharger of energy. He puts the fraud and shameless piracy of Hollywood to his own uses, and there is nothing, either of men or of erected machinery, to stop him. Possibly the environment part is overplayed, but the picture is a true one in general, done with care and finality, with understanding, not too much *Oi wei*, and no rancor.

It is not one of the most dramatic novels, partly because of this serious analysis and single purpose; but partly because the actual evolution of the character is less believable than the character himself. The copy boy is too suddenly a Broadway columnist after doing a squib or so of radio chat; coming to his first story-conference absolutely cold, he is shown talking as only one experienced in the practice and jargon and *attitude* of film concoction would talk. Schulberg has no illustration of sincere picture making outside of "The Informer," and while he has some good things to say about the intricate art of making a scene come to life, there is only one brief example of what any of them was actually working on. His girl Kit is a good person; the producer finally getting the squeeze is good too (some parts of him might be Vidor). And there are nice people met here and there. But since the main figure is Sammy Glick, it is natural if one-sided that the politics of an art completely overshadows whatever of sincerity and skill may be found going into it in day-to-day practice.

On the whole, "What Makes Sammy Run?" elbows out most of the trash that has been piling up since this crazy capital of a special world became a thing to write and wonder about.

"City of Angels" should make good reading about Hollywood, because there is a new adventure every third page and all kinds of people crop up. But it is not good reading, and not good Hollywood either, for the simple reason that it is all surface, all contrivance, all the strange kind of thing that makes slick magazines profitable: all the dead antic of a charade for fumigated paper dolls.

OTIS FERGUSON

Before the Dreadnaught

The Anatomy of British Sea Power: A History of British Naval Policy in the Pre-Dreadnaught Era, 1880-1905, by Arthur J. Marder. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 614 pages. $5.

IF THE TITLE of this work is to remind us of Robert Burton, we have an anatomy of the choler, rather than of the subsequent melancholy, of British sea power. Rich in politico-nautical matter, including that drawn from Admiralty and other unprinted papers, the book is invaluable at a moment when the realization is growing that practically any policy may have military implications. But, in Burton's own terms, the subject has been historically rather than "philosophically and medicinally opened and cut up." As an anatomical preparation, it is decidedly on the messy side, of uneven depth and incisiveness, and fails to achieve a full measure of effect, "for want of good method, of art, order, memory, judgment."

The period from 1880 to 1905 was one abounding in panics, with Sir John Fisher as the very personification of scares—"that hobgoblin whose name is Fisher," as he was called by an admiral who knew him, perhaps, too well. Looking back on this era, one wonders whether the British nation had not acquired then such an immunity to scares that by the 1930's they could look with equanimity on the most obvious dangers to their security along the Rhine and in Spain, on the water and in the air. At any rate, the historian of today must raise and can presumably answer questions like these: which of the several Victorian naval scares plus a few Edwardian ones were due to economic and social crises, or to "navalism" and service interest—that is, to domestic conditions—and which were justified by the shipbuilding and other activities of potential enemies abroad? As a psychogram, Dr. Marder's book would have profited from a methodical distinction among the several kinds of scares, "vapors" of the steam age, that ran down or were sent down the shivering spine of the English nation.

England's naval policy was still that of a full-blooded economy, but competitors were creeping up on the mistress of the seas, as they had not done since the era of the Anglo-

"He says you can't expect obsolete canoes to be modernized overnight."

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Dutch wars, in the markets of the world as well as in shipbuilding potentialities. In certain ways, the British navy realized this earlier than Gladstone and Salisbury, and at times one is tempted to say that the navy knew better than these politicians how inadvisable it had become for England to have too much isolation or too many enemies, actual or potential, in Europe or in the world generally. Dr. Marder, for instance, has not written half of the history of the harmonization of the relations between the English and American navies. (It would be more fruitful, by the way, if such relations were treated less in terms of the rise of Anglo-American friendship and more in those of the decrease of Anglo-American enmity; that would exclude the "gush" of "understanding" and contribute materially to a historical understanding of these relations. They involved a good deal more naval competition than is admitted here, such, for example, as was centered around Hawaii.)

He has written, on the whole, too much on the problem of the British Navy and European diplomacy and still not enough to enable us to lay a finger definitely on the focal infection of Anglo-German relations—and far from enough, for a satisfactory and valid explanation of its behavior, on this navy as a "body politic" and a body social. *Who* rather than *what* was the British navy at that time? Where did its officers come from? Were the avenues still kept open for the Nelsons? Or were the days of naval genius over in England as elsewhere and had the officers altogether become engineers or bureaucrats with the German Tirpitz as the supreme type of naval official, politician and organizer in his day? Was the dreadnaught which Fisher introduced—Mr. Marder is good, if not definitive, on the pro and con of that revolutionary measure—more than the acme of sea-going materialism and material? Had England begun to experience what an English observer wrote on some Italian naval maneuvers: "The actions of the commanders have been more or less influenced by their political views"?

ALFRED VAGTS

The Man Inside

38 Poems, by Henry Treece. London: The Fortune Press. 32 pages. 4 shillings and sixpence.
Towards a Personal Armageddon, by Henry Treece. Prairie City, Illinois: The Press of James A. Decker. 41 pages. $1.60.

THE AUTHOR of these two books is a Welshman in the ARP, an ex-boxer, a school teacher and a musician. Above all, he is a poet at war in two objective wars and in conflict with various facets of a lively imagination. Like Dylan Thomas, from whom he occasionally derives his myth and literary blood, he has no politics, but represents a lively fusion of the social imagination and the human qualities of man. Myth and a quaint romanticism constitute the unreal earth from which Treece hurls his fancy to the non-bombproof air for his spiritual protection. He is no escapist using an eerie imagination to run away from the scene of the world. Rather, he has gone into the bone and the blood of the self, and not into the factories or into the rhetoric of political illusions to substantiate the tight eloquence of his verse. His language of universal grief is at once new and very old; new in some current association, old in the fusion of new myths and an old language. He has the nervous dissonance of a professional tunemaker blowing upon a recorder on some hill in Wales while watching the Luftwaffe in action.

> The sound of summer is the sound of sorrow,
> When heaven's outcast falls before the door.
> The sound of summer is the sigh of horror,
> When the thin scarecrow knows his heart of straw
> Shall never flicker to the starling's chatter:
> His dry arms droop as dropping sparrows hover. . . .

Yet Treece is prisoner and warden of his own free fancy, of his own "purple rhetoric"—a prisoner in his own prison, in that he comes and goes of his own accord.

> The bones of words long dead ride on the wind
> That sweeps my searching eyes along the years
> From blackness to blackness . . .

"Towards a Personal Armageddon" states a theme of cosmic fear and hallucination. Mr. Treece's senses rather than his intellect operate with surrealist morality against the amoral reality of our time, compounding a satanic lyric quality with which to exorcise a world of military chaos and social devilment:

> The wry world sucked me, gave me for a home
> A leper's chancel, following the lion
> I knew what banquets slept within a stone,
> How that the cautious raven for his sins
> Must pluck from dry-drugged planets sustenance,
> Must smile when gay-garbed adder milks the moon.
> From this red rock I chipped a short life's grace
> And flaked the minutes in my palm like rime,
> Tasting them before they fell to dust.
> Yet came the dawn when jackal-coat I sloughed
> And, compound with treachery, I moved with snake;
> Two-wise I stepped, deceiving as I dealt,
> Learning to live on lies and love the pit;
> Was this the start, or page before the end?

A co-author with J. F. Hendry of the manifesto for a New Apocalypse, Treece has managed to state a belief that indicts our machine civilization, but urges us to enlarge the crowded spaces of man and nature, to assert man's mastery over machinery, over reality, and yet to give all things a world of their own; and, in opposition to Auden's "mechanistic materialism," to "prevent our becoming an object as in abstract art or the totalitarian state." Treece's spiritual and esthetic philosophy lies between the past Imagists and the current Surrealists; and scowling from his death mask is a firm opposition to the past-present of Cézanne, Rimbaud and D. H. Lawrence. To Treece, Cézanne was the slave of the object, Rimbaud the slave of his deranged senses, Lawrence the slave of the sex-subconscious and a machine-made will-to-power. Nor is Wyndham Lewis' battling "soldier of humor" more than a personal engagement—something to rid one of repressions by a kind of Gilbert and Sullivan laughter. In Kafka, Van Gogh, Epstein, Dylan Thomas and Picasso, however, do the new apocalyptic theorists find "the fusion of man and object in philosophy through the collapse of subject-object relation; the fusion of man and government through the collapse of totalitarianism and 'state' as a superhuman concept: fusion of man and art by bringing art to actual life."

HARRY ROSKOLENKO

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Occupied Zones

Under the Iron Heel, by Lars Moën. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Company. 350 pages. $2.75.
All Gaul Is Divided, Anonymous. New York: The Greystone Press. 94 pages. $1.

BOTH THESE BOOKS are written largely by authors who are foreigners in an invaded country: Mr. Moën is an American, writing about Belgium, and the authors of the French letters conceal their nationality. In both cases there is close familiarity with the occupied country and an understanding both of its language and the invader's.

The course of the stories is basically alike, too. The Nazis make their entry in speedy mechanized columns, followed immediately by traveling salesmen offering German merchandise on long credit at low prices. The printing presses on wheels come with them, rolling off unlimited quantities of "occupation marks," that are handed over in exchange for stripped stores. Business as usual is restored in every factory, and there is the slow, patient work of fraternization with the natives. The women of the occupied zones seem ready to be "realistic" and make friends—both authors emphasize the coming rise in illegitimacy rates. The fear of starvation—apparently not an immediate danger—is everywhere; so is the daily round of undernourishment and the lack of fats and shoes. And along with mutual evidence of a constant seepage of news to the British is what is likely to be a basic, tragic struggle in the hearts of people in all occupied countries: the problem of whether freedom is worth the cost of resistance.

The anonymous letters from France form a skimpy book with just this material in it and little else. Mr. Moën's has all this and a great deal more. Both books share in one very serious omission, however: there are no estimates of the aid to Germany supplied by French and Belgian production —though one gathers that a factory that works for its own people is a rare thing. And the French letters, in their simple day-to-day account of farm life in northern France, stress that France's sole function is to furnish her German neighbor with foodstuffs.

The interest of "Under the Iron Heel" is in the author himself, as well as in his unusual material. His attitude is that of a detached scientist with an interest in the human species. His reaction to the Nazi invasion is resentment against its interference with his work on a new color process in films. When the RAF begins smashing at the port of Antwerp, Mr. Moën is working, "as usual," on his book about dyestuff intermediates.

One is always more ready to appreciate such scientific detachment when it is practised in a war that is safely out of the way. Before objecting to it in a war which concerns us vitally, we should remember that another kind of person could never have been treated with such incaution by the Nazis, and might not have looked on what he saw and heard with the same skepticism. Mr. Moën seems to have been accepted by the Nazis as a safe bet; consequently most of his accounts are eye-witness. On the Scheldt banks he watched the soldiers rehearsing the invasion of England—with cameras recording it for posterity because, when the real invasion was made, it would be early morning and too dark to photograph the opening scenes! (Along with many others, he believes an attempt was made to invade England. It was a half-hearted attempt, he thinks, the carrying-out of an order from higher up that was not welcomed.) He studied the German technique of "fraternization" and concludes that boycotting the soldiers is not always sensible because the exchange of ideas is not without effect on Nazi teachings. Toward the end of his stay the soldiers would come to his room and listen to the BBC news: at first treating the whole thing as a great joke, later listening in silence and afterwards freely comparing the reports with those from Germany.

From the first day of the invasion he determined to study the human element, and in a remarkable chapter he reports the results of his talks with the soldiers. He found most of them homesick and dissatisfied once the idea of a quick English surrender had passed. He found unanimous approval of Hitler, along with unceasing criticism of Goering, Goebbels, Himmler, Hess and Ley, who "betrayed" the Führer's altruism and profiteered at the people's expense. British raids on the interior of Germany evoked "hysterical fury" and the assurance that when England was taken "a display of savage brutality" would take the place of fraternization.

This hatred of England did not usually mean fanatical devotion to the Nazi cause. The real fanatics were the Nazi pilots, all of whom Mr. Moën found slightly crazy. "They came downstairs already drunk in the morning . . . continued to drink until it was time for them to report for duty," and, "coming home intoxicated . . . went to bed almost unconscious." Unlike the soldiers, they would tolerate no criticism of the Nazi regime. Nor would they admit the superiority of British planes, though they respected them enormously and were genuinely afraid of British anti-aircraft guns and balloon barrages. "I have been over England seven times," said one young pilot, "and I don't know how it is possible that I am still alive. Flying over England is horrible! It is exactly like flying your ship against a steel wall."

He gives us both gruesome and amusing reports based on rumor and more reliable hearsay. He thinks that German losses in the battles of Flanders and France were concealed by the mass burning of bodies. Maimed and disfigured soldiers were not allowed to move freely in the open: he never saw a crippled German. Talkative soldiers insisted that Churchill had a special plane always in readiness to take him to Canada; on the other side, that Goering had been sterilized and the children of his wife, Emma, were not his own. The letters in the name of their child Edda really meant *"Emma dankt dem Adjutant."*

Mr. Moën concludes with advice for British propagandists. Attacks on Hitler are futile, he believes; they should be concentrated on the men around him. All news reports should be scrupulously accurate; one exaggeration may destroy entirely a man's slowly growing confidence in the truth of British broadcasts. Above all, promises of political freedom—to conquered and conqueror alike—will be useless without assurances of economic security in the future. Sabotage is most common in Norway, says Mr. Moën, not because Norwegians are doughtier than their occupied neighbors but because Norway had done more to further economic equality among her people, and so convinced them that no Nazi substitute was worthy of their submission.

NIGEL DENNIS

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A Reader's List

RICHELIEU, by Carl J. Burckhardt (Oxford, $3.75). A vivid and sympathetic, though uneven, account of the grim Cardinal's tortuous rise to power as the unchallenged ruler of France. The author, a believer in the great-man theory of history, emphasizes Richelieu's role as nationalist statesman and exponent of the balance-of-power principle. Translated and abridged from the German. Illustrated.

THE MATERIALIST CONCEPTION OF HISTORY, by Karl Federn (Macmillan, $2.90). An elaborate attempt to refute the Marx-Engels theory, with special attention to one of its leading recent exponents, Cunow. Federn's arguments, though not novel, are worth reading. He maintains that Intellect and Power are the two causal factors determining the economic and political state of mankind. These factors are to be examined in a later volume.

CHURCH AND STATE IN RUSSIA, by John Shelton Curtiss (Columbia, $4). The most authoritative account in print of the twilight of the Russian Church during the last years of the Tsarist Empire, 1900-17, emphasizing the intimate political, economic and social relations between Church and State and the role of Orthodoxy as a handmaid of Autocracy. Pre-revolutionary Russia appears much less "holy" than has generally been supposed.

THE PARDNERS, by John Weld (Scribner's, $2.75). Close-up of a California mining camp during the Gold Rush, offered here with all the trimmings. The men are a hardy crew, big-mouthed and occasionally big-hearted; the women are few and far between. A robust, authentic-sounding novel, thick with local color and leaning pretty heavily on the picturesque.

LIKE A RIVER FLOWING, by Ida L. Moore (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). Life in the Carolina mountains before and after the Civil War. A simple little tale, quiet and authentic as a diary, of the births and deaths and loves and marriages that give a backwoods community something to gab about of an evening.

Contributors

K. A. C. Elliott, M.D., who was born in Kimberley, South Africa, came to the United States in 1933. He is Research Biochemist at the Institute of the Pennsylvania Hospital and a vice-president of the American Association of Scientific Workers.

John Roberts is the pseudonym of a chemical engineer who is doing research in the field of electronics in New York at present.

Valentine Ackland, an English poet, lives in a village frequently visited by German raiders. She is co-author, with Sylvia Townsend Warner, of a book of verse, "Whether a Dove or a Seagull."

Conrad Pendleton is a young poet living in Portland, Oregon, who has worked most of his life as a cowhand, sheep-herder and store clerk.

Nicolas Nabokov, head of the Department of Music of Wells College at Aurora, New York, has recently been appointed director of Music of St. John's College, Annapolis, Maryland, for the year 1941-42. His new symphonic work, "Sinfonia Biblica," had its first performance by the Philharmonic in New York City in January.

John Peale Bishop is the author of two books of verse, "Minute Particulars" and "Now with His Love," and a novel, "Act of Darkness." His "Selected Poems" were published by Scribner's in January.

Eileen Holding, an English artist, has written for the English weeklies. She came to this country in 1937 and taught for a year at the Chicago School of Design.

Alfred Vagts, author of "A History of Militarism," is connected with the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, New Jersey.

Lee Sexton, who contributed the cartoon on page 443, was formerly a student at the Boston Museum School of Art and at the Art Students' League in New York. He is now a free-lance artist in New York.

Harry Roskolenko, author of "Sequence on Violence" and editor of the "Exiles' Anthology of American and British Poetry," will soon have published a new book of poetry, "I Went into the Country."

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